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PART XLV.

IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE recent proceedings in the House-of-Commons committee on the Mayo election have brought prominently before the public a state of affairs in that county only too well known beforehand to those who have made the condition of Catholicism in Ireland their careful study. Did the county of Mayo stand alone in the country, or were there grounds for hoping that Ireland as a whole was free from the operation of the evils to which we allude, there would be less ground for anxiety than we believe now to exist. Or were there to be discerned any indications, except a few feeble and scattered tokens, that a better condition of things is steadily, if not rapidly, advancing, there would still be more ground for hope than for fear. As it is, the public revelation of what we may call the social condition of the Church in Mayo tends to quicken rather than allay the apprehensions of every man who understands what it is that constitutes a sound and healthy state of the spiritual body-politic of any section of the Universal Church.

It is impossible, then, any longer to overlook the fact of the almost total alienation *in feeling* which exists between the Catholic clergy and the Catholic gentry of the county of Mayo. The circumstances attending the last election, and the election immediately preceding it, preclude any other interpretation of the political events of the last few years in that district. It is impossible not to see that, setting aside questions of faith and morals, questions of direct legislative enactments and political opinions, there exists an undeniable tendency to separation in social and political action between the Catholic aristocracy and gentry on the one hand, and the Catholic clergy on the other.

The facts of the case may be compressed into so short a compass, that they may as well be recapitulated before we proceed with our remarks upon them. Twelve years ago Mr. G. H. Moore contested the county, with the support of nearly all the *Protestant* gentry. The Archbishop of Tuam was asked for his support; but would not give it, because Mr. Moore was against the repeal of the Union. Mr. Moore lost his election by a small minority; and two years afterwards, that is, in 1847, he stood again, still opposing Repeal. He was now returned, being supported by nearly all the large landed proprietors, but without either the active opposition or the active support of the Catholic clergy. Three years more passed on, and Colonel Higgins—now Mr. Moore's antagonist—entered the field, with Mr. Moore's support, against Mr. Butt. The clergy took up the colonel, gave him their zealous support, and he was returned. Then followed the Papal-Aggression excitement, and the formation of what is termed the "Independent-Opposition" party, with all the extravagant pledge-taking and cool pledge-breaking, of which Mr. Justice Keogh is the most distinguished specimen. Colonel Higgins joined that party; and, like sundry others, soon found that he had no taste for keeping pledges, however easy he might have found it to take them. Considering that the most eminent in that line had openly adopted this weather-cock system, had "justified" it to the world, and been supported in his changes by ecclesiastical authority as respectable in reputation as it is high in position, it can hardly be wondered at that the colonel should follow the lawyer, and expect at least as full an immunity from penalty, if not equally satisfactory substantial gains.

The result to the public has been, however, that when another election came, Mr. Moore and the colonel were found pitted one against another, with this startling circumstance attending the contest, that as a body the Catholic clergy were Mr. Moore's strenuous supporters, and as a body the Catholic gentry were the strenuous supporters of his opponent. The two were ranged against one another in the most marked antagonism, and the election became practically a war for political superiority between the clergy and the upper classes of the laity of the county. There were, of course, a few individual exceptions to the rule in both instances; but, taken as a whole, the fact was as we have stated.

Now what is the only rational explanation of this portentous phenomenon? Setting aside the exaggerations of partisan animosity and personal interest, such as necessarily colour the declamations of speech-makers and journalists,

what does this hostility of classes prove to us? As to interpreting the alienation by asserting that all the gentry are corrupt scoundrels, who support Colonel Higgins because he is a turncoat and a place-hunter; and that all the clergy are immaculate patriots, whose motives are as pure and enlightened as those of the gentry are foul and ignorant,—such an interpretation will *satisfy* no one. Such motives may have animated a certain portion on each side; but the true explanation is to be found in the existence of a deep though latent uncomfortableness of relationship, to call it by a mild term, between the upper classes of the laity and the clergy, which needs only to be stimulated by circumstances to be called up into active hostility. It is not a question of religion or politics, strictly speaking; it is not a question of Catholicism or Protestantism; it is the want of habitual cordiality and confidence, and the absence of general mutual support, rather than any thing more definable and positive, which issues in this unfortunate result. Such as it is, it sufficed to place the Catholic gentry as a class in the ranks of Colonel Higgins's supporters, simply because he was the object of the determined opposition and denunciations of many of the clergy. The contest became a direct conflict between the lay and the clerical elements in the Church, and as such presents food for thought and reflection of a most painful kind.

We beg our readers to remark, that we are imputing no especial blame to one party or to the other. We are insinuating no motives, and raking up no old grievances. Nor are we adopting either side as political partisans. Whatever be our own views of Irish politics, or whatever our opinions with respect to the more prominent personages who have figured in this affair, they have nothing to do with the subject in hand. The portentous phenomenon before us is this, that the clerical support given to Colonel Higgins's antagonist instantly drove the gentry into the opposite scale. The tie of a common religion has had no influence in leading clergy and laity to a community of action, to a calm and reasonable discussion of differences of opinion, and to such an arrangement of public conduct as would tend to save religion from a grievous scandal, and to insure the permanent superiority of high principle in their various neighbourhoods. Rather has their common Catholicism proved a source of mutual antagonism; and from what has happened the Protestant world has drawn the edifying conclusion, that the Catholicism of Ireland must be in a very rickety condition, when it presents such spectacles to the gaze of the United Kingdom.

The one single event which has exercised an influence on

public opinion of a more advantageous kind, has been the examination of the Archbishop of Tuam before the Committee of the House of Commons. We have no hesitation in saying, that we think it would be a gain on all sides were Dr. M'Hale to come more into contact with the better and higher classes on this side of the Channel on other terms than those of political hostility. Of course we do not mean that we should like to see the Archbishop sitting perpetually in the middle of a horseshoe table at Westminster, in a chronic state of questioning and answering. But we do think that the circumstances under which he has usually appeared before the general public of the nation are calculated to prolong misapprehensions and to perpetuate evils; while the results of his late examination cannot fail to be at once favourable to his reputation in this country, and beneficial to the cause of the Church in which he holds so influential a position. Undoubtedly, in the course of his examination, the Archbishop gave utterance to certain opinions on the desirableness of consulting the clergy in politics which are easily misinterpreted, and, when misinterpreted, converted into a ground of sundry telling and popular onslaughts against popery and priestcraft. There was also much in his manner of stating that he knew nothing *officially* of altar-denunciations, and other means of spiritual intimidation, which strikingly confirmed the common idea that his Grace is no timid partisan in politics when he has taken his side. Nevertheless there would be something so preposterous in blaming an ignorant voter for consulting his priest as to his vote, provided he did this with perfect freedom, that we do not believe the reputation of Irish Catholicism suffered in the smallest degree from the cautious manner in which the Archbishop put forward his views; especially as he was able to combine it with one of those sly hits at unfair landlord influence which are as sure to be well received as a fiery attack on all landlord influence is sure to be ill received. As to the Archbishop's avowal that he knew nothing "officially," and the impression thus produced that he chose to wink hard at the excesses on his own side, English politicians are so much given to keen electioneering encounters that they are not, we are convinced, disposed to impute any very unpardonable degree of guilt when an ecclesiastic uses all *fair* means to support his own side against a class of opponents whom it is notorious that he could not personally respect. Taking the examination, therefore, as a whole, and notwithstanding the prosecution of Fathers Conway and Ryan, we think it has done good service in showing that a Catholic Archbishop from the west of Ireland may be a very different personage

individually from what he is supposed to be when judged by hostile journalists, or even by his own political manifestoes. As charity in religion covers a multitude of sins, so in English political and social life gentlemanliness and pluck, when combined, have a marvellous influence in softening asperities and conciliating regard. Accustomed as the English Parliament and people are to associate a mixture of bravado, tortuousness and selfishness with "Irish Romanism," as they call it, they must have been not a little surprised at the courage, self-possession, moderation of phrase, good-humour, and quickness of fair repartee, which the Archbishop displayed in the course of his examination.

In our humble opinion, moreover, his Grace would beneficially modify some of his own views with respect to this country were his intercourse with the better specimens of English Catholicism and Protestantism more frequent. The anti-Saxon views which he makes no secret of holding are, in our judgment, so seriously injurious to the real welfare of Ireland and Irish Catholicism, that we should rejoice to see them so far modified as to allow him to take that place in the *empire* which is forbidden to him by the exclusiveness of his own feelings on certain subjects. In the present day, the notion of any national ill-will towards Ireland, as existing in the English people, is a pure fiction; and the only effect of a perpetual imputation of faults which do not exist, is to injure Ireland herself by keeping her in a state of provincialism and of inferiority to that more powerful island which now desires to give her the fullest equality. As an integral portion of the empire Ireland can be great; as a distinct province she must be small.

To return, however, to our more immediate subject. There can be no question that the want of a cordial union of feeling between all classes of Catholics, which has been so signally shown in Mayo, is unhappily too common throughout Ireland generally. There is no overlooking the fact, that there exists a want of *loyalty* towards the Church on the part of the Catholic gentry to a very lamentable extent; that strong personal interest in her general advancement and well-being as *the* Church of Christ which is involved in the idea of loyalty, is confined almost exclusively to the clergy, the poor, and the class of shopkeepers and others of a similar social position. Exceptions, of course, there are; but they leave untouched the great fact, that the professional classes, the landed gentry, and the aristocracy, do not feel any very hearty interest in any thing that concerns the prosperity of the Church throughout their country. They will make no

sacrifices for it; they will take little or no pains to second the efforts made by the clergy for taking advantage of the improved social and political condition of the Church in the nation; they are too often ashamed of their religion, when Protestants attack it or it stands in the way of their advancement; and their aim is, to reduce their services to it to the lowest minimum consistent with the profession of the religion of their fathers.

Hence it results that we so seldom see the clergy and the gentry pulling together, or cordially working together, on occasions when it is natural that all classes of Catholics should combine. The lay element in Irish Catholicism is, intellectually and socially speaking, a nonentity. The smaller traders and the poor cannot fill the void in the spiritual fabric; neither their education nor their social position allows them to take the place which ought to be filled by men of wealth, rank, and cultivation. The clergy perforce stand alone, supported only by a numerous class, who necessarily cannot do much more than contribute to the money-resources of the Church. The rest stand aloof, confine themselves strictly to business or pleasure, feel little or no interest in Catholic affairs as such, and are liable to feelings of jealousy towards the clergy, which are the reverse of indicative of that healthy general condition which would lead all sections naturally to co-operate, unless forced apart by some singular condition of affairs.

On this side of the Channel, happily, affairs are different. In Ireland, the Church is strong in the nation, through the multitude and attachment of the poor. In England, the poor are numerically a far smaller proportion of the entire body; but, as a set-off, there exists a very striking amount of loyalty towards the Church on the part of the higher classes. That converts, as such, should feel a deep and practical interest in the prosperity of the Church, when they have given up so much for the privilege of entering her pale, is but natural. Converts as a class, and to whatever cause, are always zealous, and ready to labour and make sacrifices; so much so, that their zeal has become a proverb. Of their loyalty, therefore, as a "representative fact," we do not make much. The hopeful sign in English Catholicism is the circumstance that there exists so large an amount of equal zeal and readiness for labour and sacrifice among the professional classes, the gentry, and the aristocracy of the older Catholicism of England. We do not wish to push the statement too far, or to claim for *all* wealthy or educated English Catholics the merits to which many can lay claim. The old torpor, the old timidity, the

old unwillingness to give of their abundance, the old tendency to snub the clergy and treat a priest as something to be barely tolerated out of the servants' hall, still linger amongst us. But as there were always, even when things were at their worst, many bright exceptions to the prevailing time-serving of the age, so the devoted Catholic spirit, which survived through times of trouble, is now bearing its natural fruit in times of prosperity; and the prevailing tendency among the higher Catholic laity as a body is, to co-operate with the clergy in all things which may advance the interests of religion in the kingdom. That our affairs have already passed through their transition state, and assumed their normal condition, we do not pretend; so far from it, we anticipate a very vigorous growth of the Catholic *mind* during the next ten or fifteen years. But we cherish this very anticipation because we believe that all classes are sound at the core; that we are tending in the right direction; and that there is no portion of the body which is not substantially penetrated with a desire to advance the interests of religion by every legitimate and orthodox means.

That a condition of the body corporate, in which the upper ranks are but half-hearted in their allegiance, is one of serious peril, will be disputed by few persons who know what mankind is, and who have studied the past. The mere existence of any one large section of Catholics who stand in marked contrast to the more devoted sections, we hold to be an injury rather than an advantage to the general prosperity of the whole. The gain from mere numerical strength is more than counterbalanced by the irregularity and feebleness of action which must be the necessary result, while the reputation of the Church with those who are not Catholics suffers to a material extent. It is always a bad sign in a Catholic country where practical religion is chiefly confined to the female sex. When the men are signally wanting in the exercises of religion, and public opinion acquiesces in the notion that devotion is very well for women and children, but is unworthy of the mature and masculine intelligence, we may be sure that there exist under the surface evils of a frightfully formidable tendency. And of a similar, though perhaps less formidably suggestive kind is the hiatus produced by the coldness, suspiciousness, or cowardice of any one caste in society. It is not the best possible state of things when a national branch of the Church consists solely of the clergy and the poor; but this is far better than a state where a devout priesthood and people are pressed down by the incubus of a worldly and semi-Protestantised aristocracy.

The condition of modern society, moreover, makes the demand for a loyal co-operation on the part of an intelligent laity a more urgent necessity than it may have been in former days. The paucity of the numbers of the clergy,—the strictly professional demands on their time,—the custom which banishes ecclesiastics from parliaments and political positions,—the boundless demand on all sides for periodical writings,—and the general mixing up of all creeds together in a country like England,—of necessity throw what we may call the unauthoritative representation of Catholic opinion to a large extent into the hands of the laity. Herein, indeed, is the characteristic feature of modern times; and we think that the importance of appreciating this peculiarity can hardly be over-estimated by those who would do their work for God in their generation both wisely and heartily. Let us add further, that, so far as we have the means of judging, there exists in the Catholicism of the empire, both clerical and lay, a very fair appreciation of this characteristic of our day. Every person may not have put his views into definite shape, or argued them out from their first commencement in his mind: but we believe that our clergy are, as a body, fully alive to the truths of the position we have advanced; and that their chief anxiety is, that the laity should not only do the work which Providence seems to assign them, but should do it thoroughly and well. It is through the laity chiefly that the Church has to *hold her own* in the world.

Of what immense importance it is, then, that wherever the Church has a national footing she should number in her ranks a numerous upper class, uniting a cordial loyalty to the Church with a practical religious life, a highly-cultivated intelligence, and a sincere patriotic attachment to the laws and constitution of their own country! The absence of any one of these qualifications will neutralise the action of all the rest. Men who are willing to barter the Church's freedom or spiritual prosperity for the favours of the state or the world,—or whose lives are in marked contradiction to their principles,—or who are stupid, ignorant, or boorish in their exterior,—or who set themselves in distinct antagonism to the social and political condition around them,—can never advance the good cause among their contemporaries, or assist beneficially in the discussion of matters generally interesting to the Catholic body. And the fact that what is done by the laity is not representatively Catholic, in the sense in which the words and writings of ecclesiastics are so, by no means diminishes the importance of their being loyal, intelligent, and well-instructed exponents of the views they advocate. The world in general

has so exaggerated a notion of the absolute uniformity of opinion of Catholics, and of the despotic subjection of the laity to the clergy, that it naturally attaches an excessive importance to the acts and words of every individual Catholic, whether priest or layman. Every Catholic is supposed to know every thing, to be authoritatively guided in every thing, and to be answerable for every thing that is said or done by every other Catholic in the kingdom, not to mention the rest of Christendom in general. The mischief, therefore, is not slight that is done by persons who have not the interests of religion really at heart,—or who are grossly ignorant of its doctrines, morals, or history,—or whose zeal has degenerated into mere fiery fanaticism,—or who are wanting in the secular qualifications which in this day are expected from every man pretending to be a gentleman.

Paramount, however, as is the importance of creating such a class where it does not exist, the task is one of the most difficult and slow in accomplishment which can tax the wisdom and patience of Catholics. If the education of the priesthood is defective, the obvious remedy is the simple remodelling and elevation of the seminaries. If a religious order is relaxed, there are its constitutions, waiting only the vivifying touch of zeal, determination, and discretion. But the upper classes of the laity are just in that position which enables them to elude the reforming grasp, unless under very favourable circumstances; and they are precisely that section of the Church whose improvement must, above all others, commence from within, or at least be fostered by measures less directly religious than those which are applicable to the priesthood, the poor, or the middle classes. Our present remarks accordingly would be almost open to the charge of unpractical fault-finding, were it not that there already exists an institution created for the especial purpose of curing the evil we have been speaking of. The grand aim of the new Catholic University in Dublin is the infusion into the upper classes of Irish society that united spirit of loyalty to the Church and of refined intellectual culture which would make the Irish Church ten times as powerful in the United Kingdom as she is at this day. The urgent need for such an institution has been proved by the circumstance, that as a body the gentry and aristocracy of Ireland have hitherto shown no interest whatsoever in its success. Crying out incessantly about Oxford and Cambridge, witnessing the social position which a university training confers upon the gentry and nobility of England, they have proved how feeble were their own Catholic instincts by the shameless indifference they have shown towards

the one single work which has been undertaken with a view to confer on them the advantages they envy in others. Compared with the actual numbers of the Catholic gentry and nobility in Ireland, the few who have come forward with their purse or their name and influence in support of this great work are not worth naming. Literally they may be counted on the fingers of your hands. The money has been contributed by the middle classes and the poor; and among the clergy have been found, practically speaking, the only supporters of an undertaking by which they themselves, as a class, will only indirectly benefit. To nothing but a lamentable deficiency in the most desirable qualifications for an educated layman can we attribute this disgraceful apathy. That this apathy will continue, we do not for a moment suppose. Every year sees it diminishing; and that by and by we shall witness an extraordinary movement among the higher Catholics of Ireland is in every respect probable. But, in the mean time, what a proof have they given us that it was indeed high time for the Pope to interfere, and to commence for the laity of the country a work which true Catholic patriotism would long ago have prompted them to begin for themselves! Who can wonder that the Imperial Government and Parliament, and English society generally, should be firmly persuaded that the sincere Catholicism of Ireland is on the whole confined to the clergy and the inferior classes; and that whatever is said in defence of Catholicism and Catholic rights by their natural public protectors should be set down as the mere stock-in-trade of political speculators?

On the special difficulties which have stood in the way of the infant University, we offered our remarks to our readers but a short time ago; and we need therefore say no more about them at present. On one of them, however, we touched so slightly, that it may be as well to take this opportunity of recurring to it. This point is the Charter difficulty. There can be no question that it is of very serious importance to the University that it should have the power of conferring degrees. If it is not of the essence of a university that it should possess this right, custom has in every age and country associated the privilege with the very idea of a university. Whatever, too, we may think of the apathetic conduct of the laity towards the young institution, it is probable that they look upon the want of this privilege as a reason for withholding their support. It is high time, therefore, in our judgment, that the question should be practically grappled with, and brought to a solution with the least possible delay consistent with a prudent regard to the more distant future. Sooner or

later the thing *must be* done; and the existence of jealousies, party-spirit, and a determination to find fault and impute motives in some quarters, ought not to prevent those whose special duty it is to foster the University from undertaking the task, and carrying it through. If the wise and patriotic Irish and English clergy and laity who are more immediately connected with the University suffer themselves to be frightened by the fear of being abused, we think they will fall very short of the height of their calling, and moreover that they very much over-estimate both the importance and sincerity of that personal fault-finding which has unhappily marred so many good things in times past. Their duty is, to effect a remedy for the social and intellectual evils of the time; and the undergoing a certain amount of misrepresentation is one of the penalties they must pay in return for being the honoured instruments of so noble a work. If they wait till there are no difficulties to be overcome, and no factious party-spirit remaining to attack them for what they may do, they will be about as wise as a doctor who, when called in to cure a fever, waited till all the symptoms of the disease had disappeared before he attempted a cure.

A charter for conferring degrees, then, the University must have. In the next place, the right to give them must come from the State. Not only would it be most absurd to attempt to fly in the face of the Government in such a matter, but it has been the invariable rule of the Church to act in accordance with the secular power when university degrees are in question. Whatever be the possible theories on abstract rights, it is the custom of the Church that Catholic universities should ask the privilege of conferring degrees in arts from the State.

In the third place, it is purely visionary to expect that the Government will grant us the right absolutely, without making some definite arrangement to secure itself against certain supposed anti-national views held by some theologians. In fact, it *will* have a *quid pro quo*. We entreat all sensible Catholics to look this certainty in the face. It is purely childish to expect that we shall ever get such a gift for nothing. Either, therefore, we must renounce altogether the idea of a charter, or we must set ourselves to the task of yielding the smallest conditions which can in practice be required of us. Of course the Government might exact conditions which could not be complied with, except on those anti-papal principles which have at times had too much influence in Catholic affairs, and which we, for our part, would be the very last to advocate. But it is very possible that, in

the present condition of national feeling, the Government might come to such terms with the University authorities as would be perfectly satisfactory to the Holy See, and would lead to no practical difficulties whatsoever. It is impossible to foresee where the point would occur at which something must be yielded; but it seems likely that, as we could not allow our Catholic students to be examined by Protestants in historical or moral subjects, so the Government would never allow them to be examined by Catholics in whose appointment it had no share whatsoever, even the smallest. Our best policy, therefore, would seem to be, to aim at such an arrangement as shall reduce the influence of the State in these appointments to a *minimum*. And surely there is nothing extravagant in the belief, that the wisdom and Catholic zeal of the University authorities would accomplish this task in a very short space of time, if only a definite course could be decided on. And from all that is said of Lord Carlisle, he would appear to be the last man in the kingdom voluntarily to throw obstacles in the way of an arrangement so much in harmony with the principles of civil and religious liberty which he has advocated all his life.

Whether the Government would consent to grant the Catholic University the right of conferring degrees solely *as* the Catholic University, and with no connection with any other institution, may be doubted. It is possible that it would consent to some arrangement by which it might be united, in this one point only, with the new institution called "the Queen's University," and which has no connection with any one particular section of Protestantism. But be this as it may, we cannot but hope that if we set about our part of the work in the right way, first letting the Government see that the University *deserves* the privilege, and convincing them that it has nothing to do with any political views of any description whatsoever, we should be met in a fair spirit, and a problem would be solved on thoroughly Catholic principles which, if postponed to some future period, would run the risk of being solved by devices far from welcome to the Holy See.

A CONVERSION IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

IN the course of a search which we lately made in some of the departmental libraries of France for documents connected with the history of the English Catholic refugees, a very interesting biography of Elizabeth, the first Viscountess Falkland, was pointed out to us by M. Le Glay, the accomplished Archiviste of the Département du Nord. The Ms. formerly belonged to the English Benedictine nuns of Cambray, and is now at Lille. We copied out the whole, but though of great interest throughout, it is too long for our pages; we must therefore at present content ourselves with such extracts as will illustrate the history of a conversion in the reign of Charles I.

The affairs of Catholics were now more smooth than they had been since the beginning of the persecution. They had for many years (we quote the testimony of Clarendon, prejudiced and untruthful as we know him to be) been absolved from the severest parts of the law, and dispensed with for the gentlest; and were grown only a part of the revenue, without any probable danger of being made a sacrifice to the law. They were looked upon as good subjects at court, and as good neighbours in the country; all the restraints and reproaches of former times being forgotten. But they were not prudent managers of this prosperity: they showed themselves openly coming from Mass at the queen's chapel; they were forward in conferences and disputes. They speculated in the hated monopolies; their priests and agents appeared openly; and they attempted, and sometimes obtained, proselytes of weak uninformed ladies, with such circumstances as provoked the rage and destroyed the charity of great and powerful families which longed for their suppression.

Such a proselyte doubtless Lady Falkland was considered to be, who, of course, was quietly set aside by her narrow-minded husband, and other male friends, as one of these ignorant uninformed people, who have no business to an idea of their own, especially in matters of religion; who, merely as being a woman, was in those days supposed to be naturally inferior to the man, but who really was, as Clarendon owns in another place, "a lady of a most masculine understanding," much better qualified than her husband to form an opinion on any subject submitted to her.

A peculiar interest attaches to her as the mother of the

famous Lord Falkland, whom Clarendon calls "the incomparable;" a nobleman who evidently owed every thing—the powers of his mind, his tastes, his habits, and his courage, even his insignificant stature and unprepossessing face—to her blood, her instructions, and her example. "He was," says our biographer, "the only one of all her children that loved her better than their father." A sure indication of that affinity and attraction of natures between mother and son which has produced some of the most memorable characters of history.

She was the daughter of Lawrence Tanfield, some time a lawyer, then a judge, and from 1607 to 1625, when he died, lord chief baron; a man who had been suspected of enriching himself with bribes, and who was sometimes accused of being a persecutor of the Catholics, in spite of a catastrophe which he had witnessed in his youth, when a judge was thrown from his horse, and had his brains dashed out, immediately after hastening the execution of a priest, who he declared should die before he ate his dinner. She was born in 1585, and was a most precocious child; she was only ten years old when she interposed in a trial for witchcraft in a manner that would have done credit to an experienced advocate. We give an account of this scene.

She was once present when a poor old woman was brought before her father for a witch, and accused of having bewitched two or three to death; but the witness not being found convincing, Judge Tanfield asked the woman what she said for herself. She fell down before him, trembling and weeping, and confessed all to be true, desiring him to be good to her, and she would mend. He then asked her particularly, Did you bewitch such a one to death? She answered, Yes. He asked her how she did it. One of her accusers prevented her, and said, Did you not send your familiar in the shape of a black dog, a hare, or a cat, to lick his hand, or breathe on him, or step over him as he was sleeping; and did he not presently come home sick and languish away? She, quaking and begging pardon, acknowledged all; and the same of each particular accusation, with a several manner of doing it. Then the standers-by asked, What would they have more than her own confession? But the child, seeing the poor woman in so terrible a fear, and in so simple a manner confess all, thought that fear had made her idle, and so whispered her father, and desired him to ask her, Whether she had bewitched to death Mr. John Symonds of such a place (Lady Tanfield's brother, who was one of the standers-by)? He did so; to which she said, Yes, just as she had done to the rest, promising to do so no more if they would have pity upon her. He asked how

she did it? She told one of her former stories. Then (all the company laughing) he asked her what she ailed to say so; told her the man was alive, and stood there. She cried, Alas, sir, I knew him not; I said so because you asked me! Then said he, Are you no witch, then? No; God knows, says she, I know no more what belongs to it than the child new born. Nor did you never see the devil? She answered, No, God bless me, never in all my life. Then he examined her, What she meant to confess all this if it were false? She answered, They had threatened her if she would not confess, and said if she would she should have mercy showed her. Which she said with such simplicity, that (the witness brought against her being of little force, and her own confession appearing now to be of less) she was easily believed innocent, and quitted.

If all supposed witches sacrificed by that wiseacre James I. could have had as sensible defenders as this child, the flames would have been fed with fewer human sacrifices. This simple narrative gives an explanation to many cases that occurred in those times, when supposed criminals preferred falsely to confess a crime and die for it than to undergo the horrors of torture, and the anxieties of a trial, and, after all, probably to meet with the same fate.

Our Ms. gives other interesting details of Lady Falkland's childhood, and of her early married life, which periods we must pass over with the slenderest notice. In 1600, when she was only fifteen years old, her father gave her in marriage to Sir Henry Cary, a young man of about five-and-twenty years of age, at that time master of the queen's jewels, afterwards comptroller of the household to James I., and finally lord-deputy of Ireland from 1622 to 1630. He was a man of honour, but of a narrow intellect and violent prejudices, whose tyrannous conduct towards the Catholics of Ireland brought both himself and the English Government into several difficulties, and at last caused him to be removed from his post in disgrace. He was a man who always spent more than he had; and when he was first appointed to his Irish government, he persuaded his wife to mortgage her own considerable jointure to pay the expenses of his outfit, on which her father immediately disinherited her.

She went over with her husband to Ireland, and stayed with him there three years; the two latter of which she spent in abortive attempts to introduce several different trades into that country. She was then sent home to keep an eye on her husband's interests amidst the intrigues of the corrupt court. She returned to London early in 1626 with several of her children, and resumed the society of her old acquaintances.

Among these one of the foremost was Richard Neale, Bishop of Durham, and the High-Church divines who resorted to his house. Lady Falkland had been quite unsettled in her religious opinions no less than twenty-two years previously by reading Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*; a work which carried her with it as far as it went, and then left her suspended in the air with no resting-place but Rome. Neale, however, and his divines had quieted her, but had never thoroughly satisfied her; especially since she had in Ireland conversed for the first time in her life with Catholics equally learned and zealous, such as Lord Inchiquin and others.

It was with a daily diminution of confidence that she now again attached herself to these divines; yet as she had not yet learned to doubt their pretended priesthood, she resolved to continue with them, and yet in all things to imitate Catholics as nearly as she could. Hence she resolved to go to confession; and chose as her director Dr. Cousin, one of the king's chaplains, afterwards Dean of Durham. He excused himself at present, as not being in the habit of hearing confessions; but said that he had to go into the country for six months, where he would study casuistry, and then return and hear her. But before he came back she had made a confession somewhat more to the purpose; for she frequented Lord Ormond's, where she met two Benedictines and a Franciscan father, who soon convinced her of the danger of her present state; so that she would have been immediately reconciled, if she had not been delayed by her friend Lady Denby (Buckingham's sister), who had been present at her conferences with the priests, and who promised her, after hearing one more dispute, to be reconciled with her. But after hearing this one she desired another, still with the same promise; and so on for nearly half a year, never able to resolve to do what she promised. Lady Falkland seeing this, determined to wait for her no longer, but to be reconciled immediately by the Benedictine father she had first known. She therefore went in the morning to Lady Denby's lodgings in the court, to tell her that if she would now dispose herself to do the same she might, but she would wait no longer for her. Lady Denby repeated her old request with much earnestness; but when she saw that she could no longer prevail, nor make Lady Falkland still delay, she said, "Well, I have you now in the court, and here I will keep you; you shall lie in my chamber, and shall not go forth;" giving order to have a bed set up there for her. Lady Falkland, however, amazed at the surprise, appeared contented to stay; so Lady Denby, making herself sure that she would wait till she returned, went out to fetch some one

to confirm her stay. The other, suspecting how matters stood, let not the opportunity slip, but escaped, and went with all speed to Lord Ormond's; and though she had not intended to be reconciled for a few days, yet now she durst wait no longer, not knowing what hindrance might happen. So finding F. Dunstan Pettinger there (not the one to whom she had intended to confess), she was at once reconciled by him in Lord Ormond's stable. In the afternoon she returned to Lady Denby, telling her she was now content to stay with her as long as she pleased, for all was done. Lady Denby, in great trouble, runs out to tell Buckingham; he as instantly tells the king, who was highly displeased. They try to persuade Lady Falkland to return before it became known. She was immovable, and was therefore allowed to return home, whither she was soon followed by Secretary Coke, with a command from the king to her to remain confined to her house during his majesty's pleasure. Thus, if she had not acted as she did, all would have been prevented; for she remained confined six weeks, during which time no Catholic durst come near her, as all her household was Protestant.

The day after her reconciliation Dr. Cousin returned to town, and came to visit her, thinking perhaps to hear her confession. When she told him all she had done, he fell into so great and violent a trouble that he threw himself on the ground, and would not rise nor eat from morning till night, weeping even to roaring; trying to make her return by telling her of the disgrace of their company, that she would hurt others by making men afraid of them, and that every one would say this was the end of those that received their opinions. But seeing he no way prevailed with her, only to make her sit fasting with him all day, he went his way, and came no more to her, as neither did the other divines of this set; though she always respected them, and others of their opinions came afterwards to frequent her house.

Lord Falkland's agent in England, without waiting for orders (though they came fast enough, for her husband was greatly enraged), immediately stops her allowance; so that she, who was never much beforehand, was soon brought to such a pass as to be obliged to send her children and waiting-women to dine and sup at their friends. But her husband soon wrote to her chief servant to take them away; and with them he took all her servants except one young maid (who although then a Protestant would not leave her mistress), and every thing in the house, even the beer, coal, wood, and all else that was movable, leaving her confined alone, and in this necessity; so that she had not even meat of any sort to put into

her mouth ; a thing so wholly strange to her that she was ashamed of it, and wished to conceal it. Yet not to let her faithful servant suffer by it, she sent her to Lord Ormond's to meals, with a charge to conceal her case. And she, to give her lady what help she could and yet obey her, took privately from the table pieces of pie-crust or bread-and-butter, which she brought home, and which were all that Lady Falkland had to live upon some days. But after a while her maid, no longer able to endure to see her in such extremity, made it known at Lord Ormond's, from whose table she was afterwards supplied while her confinement lasted. At last some Catholics began to visit her ; and one, Lady Manners, seeing what state she was in, told it to Lady Carlisle (for the Catholics dared not move the king personally in her behalf), who advertised the king in what necessity she was, and how the loss of her liberty prevented her seeking remedy. It turned out that the only reason her confinement had been so long was, that no one had done this sooner ; for the king wondered she was still confined, it having been far from his intention : but he had not been put in mind of it before ; and he presently gave her leave to go abroad at her pleasure.

The terror of a confinement having wrought nothing on her, her friends began to renew their persuasions ; and first the king sent her from court a paper of arguments, writ by one of their bishops, to prove that even though the Catholic religion were true, yet it was lawful to communicate with the Anglicans. This paper was sent over to Father Leander, who answered it so well, that when she returned the paper with the answer, the bishop who wrote it sent to her to desire her not to publish it ; which she did not, not wishing to get unnecessarily into trouble. Others pressed her with considerations about disgracing her lord, undoing him and her children, and separating herself from him (for he would no more live with her himself than suffer his children to live with her). They told her that she was never in such favour with the king as just before her change, and that she might regain all and more by returning, and might thus benefit her husband. Others procured disputations between priests and ministers in her presence, but all to no purpose.

About this time she procured the conversion of the young maid that served her. She had at first much ado to get her to see a priest, all of whom she seriously believed to be witches, as she had heard from the Scotch ministers in their pulpits. Father Dunstan reconciled her. Not long after he was taken in Lady Falkland's house by means of the servant who had left her in such necessity (which same man on his deathbed

sent to her for a priest, but none could be got before he died; yet he expressed much desire to have had one, and earnestly commended his wife to become a Catholic), who thought to gain Lord Falkland's favour thereby; but he was much mistaken, for the deputy's displeasure against his wife was rather because he thought himself prejudiced by her change than because of her being a Catholic, and because of the haste she had made to publish it, as well as from the false complaints which his servants wrote over to Ireland to him of her putting impediments in the way of his affairs at court, which he believed to be the case in spite of the contrary assurances he received from the Duchess of Buckingham, Lady Denby, and his own sister Lady Newburgh.

In October 1627, some of her friends represented to the council that her husband ought at least to allow her enough to keep her out of want, and procured an order commanding him to give her 500*l.* a-year, and to pay her debts, a schedule of which is annexed to the same order. This was certainly never acted upon; and our biographer tells us that it was because she would never enforce, nor so much as advertise him of it, knowing well how much it would displease him to see himself ordained to do that which he ought to do voluntarily and would not. However this may be, the king, in May the next year, ratified the order anew because it had not yet been enforced; and a letter of Falkland to the king is extant protesting against it, and offering to allow his wife 200*l.* a-year. It seems likely, therefore, that she hesitated to compel him, desiring to avoid, if possible, increasing his displeasure where with conscience she could. This neglect of hers made her friends less forward to help her, especially as she did her utmost to conceal from them, first the fact that she made no use of the order, and secondly, her motives for not doing so. Hence she retired to a little old house that she took in a village on the Thames, ten miles from London (her mother having obliged her to leave the house she had up to this time lent her in London), where she and her maid lived alone, the house ready to fall on their heads, and with no other furniture than a flock-bed on the bare ground, borrowed of a poor body in the town, an old hamper that served her for a table, and a wooden stool. Here one Lent she lived for the most part on water in which fish had been boiled, her maid eating the fish; and for all these hardships, both of them afterwards affirmed that they were never more merry or contented in their whole lives than they were then. She spent her time in writing; and among other things translated Cardinal du Perron's reply to the king, which he had printed

abroad; but the copies were seized on their entry to England, and burnt by Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, a few only reaching her hands.

When Lord Falkland was recalled into England in 1630, she was careful to live in a little better fashion than she had been wont, and to avoid being relieved by others, as disgraceful to him. However, he would not see her till the queen interposed and brought about a reconciliation; but they continued to live apart; for his fortune was so utterly ruined that he could not keep up an establishment, but resided at Lord Newburgh's. Lucius, her eldest son, at this time offended his father mortally by marrying Lettice Morrison, a portionless girl, when Lord Falkland had looked out for him a party by whom he hoped to restore his ruined estate; her other children were dispersed among their friends. But about the year 1633 Lord Falkland did, by the providence of God, call home his four younger daughters (who else would never have been like to come to their mother's hands); and soon after, at the end of the summer, while he was waiting on the king, then newly come from Scotland, he fell from a shooting-stand at Theobalds and broke his leg, and instantly broke it in a second and a third place with standing up upon it at the king's coming to him; who commanded his doctor and surgeon, then waiting, not to leave him on any occasion till he was well. He was carried into a lodge in the Park, whither he sent for his wife to him, who came instantly from London (about twenty miles), never going to bed on the road; and when she came, staying with him day and night, watching with him, and never putting off her clothes all the time; sleeping a little by day in her chair, or lying on the ground on a pallet which he had brought in for her. He was then visited by some few of his friends and one of his daughters; but no one stayed with him but his wife, who left him not till his death, which was but a week after. For the surgeon, undertaking the part of a bone-setter, pretended to set his leg; but failing in it, instead of being set, it gangrened. They then sent for Dr. Myarne and Mr. Aubert (the queen's physician and surgeon) and an hospital surgeon, who, on consultation, resolved that the leg must come off. She wanted Mr. Aubert to do it; but he was persuaded to choose some one else, who seems to have done it clumsily enough, but without eliciting any groans or other expression of disgust from the fortitude of his patient. In the cutting the bone was scaled. Judging, therefore, that it was more like to gangrene again than cure, they did not sear it, but stanchd the blood for the present with a powder, not thinking he could live through a new cutting; but they did

not tell him his danger. The next morning it bled again, and was stanch'd in the same way, and at seven the same evening it burst out again; but the doctor and two surgeons (Sir Theodore Myarne and Mr. Aubert were gone) were playing at tables, and would not leave their game to come to him. When they did at last come, they told him there was no hope; and so offered no more to stop it, but let him bleed to death, and would not be drawn to do any thing more for him. He was nothing daunted at this unexpected news, but spoke to his wife in French (because the surgeons, his servants, and chaplain were by), and gave her directions about his affairs; and a little after asked (still in French, which he spoke ill enough) if her *homme* were there? She answered, that he that used to wait on her abroad was there; then he said he did not mean him, and she perceived that he meant her priest, whom he called *homme* to distinguish him from a servant. She not having provided one, as not fearing his death, at least not so suddenly, and being unable to procure one from London soon enough, told him there was no other there. He then asked her if there was no way but legal; she, kneeling by his bed, told him the best she could how to dispose himself interiorly, not having exterior means. But she durst not propose the open profession of a desire to be a Catholic, not thinking it to be necessary, and fearing he might be too loving and careful a father, and not have the courage to prejudice his children. He seemed to hearken to all she said, but spake nothing. He was bleeding to death more than three hours, most part of which he passed in silence, especially towards the last; she the whilst praying by him or speaking to him. And he being very near death, one of the surgeons desired him to profess he died a Protestant; or else, he said, his lady being there and speaking much to him, it would be reported he died a Papist. To this, which the man repeated three or four times, he only turned away his head without answering him; but seeing he did not cease to bawl the same in his ears, he said to him at last, "Pray do not interrupt my silent meditation;" which showed he could have said the other if he would. He died presently after without agony or sign of strife, aged about fifty-seven. He was probably inclined to become a Catholic by reading his wife's translation of Du Perron, a copy of which was found in his closet all noted by him, and by talking with Mr. Clayton.

Seeing him dead, though she wept,—for she truly loved him much,—she was very present with herself; and her first thoughts were to get her children to live with her, in order to make them Catholics. And that she might prevent any

hindrance and get their consent speedily, she that night, late as it was, borrowed a coach, and went together with his dead body in the dark to his house, where her daughters were, being nine miles; whither she came at three o'clock in the morning: seeking first to conceal her coming from her children, then to let them know their father was past hope; after which, seeing them so extremely troubled at her leaving him alone to die, she confessed he was dead, seeking with all her power to comfort them. She made haste to propose their living with her, telling them their father desired it, and saying all she could imagine to incline them to it, and begging them to promise not to leave her. They did so, moved rather by the fidelity she had shown their father at his death, and by thinking it his will, than by any thing else she could say. And she thought it a great victory to have obtained their consents, though how to defray the expenses of their charge she knew not. All her friends blamed her when they came to know it. Her own means were miserably slender, and of these she had to assign more than half to pay her debts; and she could not look to live on other people, as she knew her children had too proud stomachs to submit to be dependents upon any one lower than the king and queen.

Her only intention at present was to get her children to a place where they might have more occasion to come to a knowledge of the truth, and better means to follow it, trusting to God both for their conversion and maintenance. So she promised them never to speak of religion to them till they desired it, which they supposed would be never; but she knew that to speak when they had no mind to hear would only avert them from religion, so she never did any thing but pray for them. A difficulty had to be surmounted; so she proposed to her confessor the question, whether a Catholic might have flesh dressed on fasting-days for a Protestant likely to be converted, to keep him a place when he would not stay without it, and where flesh would any how be dressed for infirm Catholics? He answered that in the case put it might be done; but if she asked about her daughters, as there was no hope of their conversion, it might not be done. She made use of the former part of his answer, not thinking herself bound to take his word for the latter. Not that she had any contempt for the ordinance of the Church, which had such power over her as to check instantly her strongest appetites, as her daughter Lucy often amused herself in proving—going out visiting with her mother all the morning on fast-days, and then dropping in to dine with some Protestant friends where there was no fasting diet, and never re-

minding her forgetful mother of the day till she had the meat ready to put into her mouth; when she would laugh to see how suddenly she had stopped her in her haste, while her mother would thank her sincerely for reminding her of her duty.

This first winter her two elder sons (Lucius Lord Falkland and Lawrence Cary) were with her; and many of their friends, Oxford scholars and others, came to her house, and were exceedingly welcome to her. Their discourse was frequently of religion, there being many who were exceedingly capable on both sides, and she hoped that this talk, so pleasantly conducted, would draw her daughters' attention; as, indeed, it did work in some of them more than they made show of, and all of them found matter to reflect on afterwards, though then they marked it not much. For they could not help seeing that often the Protestants said the same as the Catholics, taking the Catholics' part entirely against their own side, as their eldest brother Lucius then did, who at this time was so wholly Catholic in opinion that he would affirm he knew nothing but what the Church told him; but if he was asked why he was not reconciled, he said he would not take upon him to resolve any thing so determinately as to change his profession upon it till he was forty years old. But he lived not to see four-and-thirty, and this good disposition did not last; for shortly after this time he fell in with a book of Socinus, which opened to him a new way. Another who took the same side was Mr. Chillingworth, who had been a fellow of Trinity College in Oxford, where by reading he made himself a Catholic, and so went over to the Benedictine College at Douai, where, not shining so much as he expected,—for he there found young students able to do that which gave him matter to admire ever after,—he returned to Oxford a Protestant, at least no Catholic. There, as it was said, he preached at St. Mary's; and had again become a Catholic, or towards it, when he came to London, and much frequented Lady Falkland's house. Though he called Protestants *we*, and dressed like an Oxford scholar, yet he was secretly a Catholic, if not more secretly neither, but that which he was known to be after (a Socinian); for in him there seemed to be a kind of impossibility of agreement between his heart and his tongue. There were others who argued in the same way who were very Catholic in opinion. Lady Falkland's daughters thus saw either that the Protestants argued as Catholics, or else that they who were in good earnest Protestants, as much as men with sense helped with desire to be so could be, disagreed among themselves, laughing

at one another's arguments, at least fain ever to break off in jest what was begun seriously. They noticed likewise another thing, which afterwards afforded matter of reflection,—that those who were seriously touched in conscience with the desire of the truth, and began to search after it, did always end in the Catholic religion, unless detained by some other respects, of which they witnessed too many.

As yet, however, these young ladies were an unmitigated trouble to their mother; they liked living with her, because there they could have their own wills absolutely, because they esteemed her house their proper natural place, where they might remain without being under the least obligation to any body; and they presumed on her great desire to keep them, and allowed her, in order to procure them all that they wished, or that she thought would please them, to deprive herself of necessary things; and if the least trifle was not got for them suddenly, just when they desired it, they forgot all she had done, and only looked to the present disappointment, and threatened to be gone, wondering she should offer to keep them when she was not able to do it. Her extraordinary care they considered an ordinary mother's part, whilst they scarce thought the duty of children theirs. And though they knew that with her they had more than they could have had elsewhere, yet they seemed to think her beholden to them for staying; and would on occasions (sometimes small enough) when she had vexed them, and they fancied she had done amiss, reproach her with her religion as giving her leave to do any thing; when she would, with tears in her eyes, ask pardon for the scandal she had given them.

But her confidence and patience were rewarded, after three-quarters of a year, when they were converted by an edifying Benedictine father, F. Cuthbert Breton. Lady Falkland was only gradually made acquainted with their change, when, by their forbearing to go to church, it was suspected by their Protestant friends; they then acknowledged it to their mother, who either knew nothing before, or durst not take any notice of it for fear of hindering it. Presently Lord Newburgh, their uncle, went to the king, and procured a command that the young ladies should be sent to their brothers. She told Secretary Coke that she would herself carry her answer to the king; judging it best to seek either justice or mercy immediately from him. She represented how hard a thing it would be to take her children from her against her and their wills, neither party having done any thing to forfeit their natural liberty; and no less hard to punish her son by charging him with four unwilling sisters,

and nothing to keep them, without asking his consent. So the king gave her leave to keep them till she heard his further pleasure. He then sent to Lord Falkland; but he was unwilling to make his house his sisters' prison, and himself their gaoler; so they were left at peace, the controversy having only served to hasten their reconciliation, which else the apprehension of confession might have delayed. Yet divers Catholics dissuaded both their mother and F. Cuthbert from venturing on it so suddenly, because they felt assured that there would be no peace till her children were taken from her, and committed to the keeping of Protestants. But she that had so much confidence when there was not the least sign of hope, would not want it now; and Father Cuthbert, who knew how little they had been swayed by their mother, and how little they had cared about pleasing her, and who had seen all that had passed, could not doubt but the hand of God was in this change. Yet it was not long before she saw herself in very much danger of losing what she had gained by God's mercy with so much pain.

Mr. Chillingworth was a constant and welcome guest at her house, as she had a great thirst for his conversion, and had also a great idea of his sanctity from his freedom in reproving her. She respected him highly, and before her daughters were Catholics, strove to raise the same esteem in them; for he busied himself about their conversion, and afterwards for their establishment in religion. But this man, of whom it is hard to know whether he was even a sound Catholic, and if so, when he began to change, soon showed signs of dislike at what had passed; for he could hardly think any thing well done that was not done by himself; and now he saw what he had offered at effected by another, without his being consulted or even made acquainted with it. From this time, therefore, he sought to draw them back; and that with so much closeness, subtlety, and so many forgeries, as none but the devil could have invented, and none but God could deliver from. *It was said he had undertaken this to their Protestant friends*, having missed of laying that obligation on the mother he had aimed at in making them Catholics. It could not have been simple charity, otherwise he would have taken some pains with his own mother, whom he had made a Catholic, but was so far from going about to make her other, that he seemed always, as she said, to give her hope of his own return in time. Lady Falkland's daughters had a high opinion of this man; he was much with them, and they heard him with open ears. He the while sought to gain knowledge and power over their

spirits, and then soon spoke some words which seemed indirectly to make them look a little back, rather as not being come by a right way than not arrived at a right place; and then proposed himself as their most proper assistant, he having been a long waverer, and they too speedy resolvers. Next, he was very inquisitive about the motives whereby they were induced to become Catholics; and then persuaded them to receive some better to rely on from him, that he might easier destroy what he had built. Then he was most officious in assisting at their devotions, and tried to make them change their confessor for his; next he offered to instruct them in some things, and tried to draw them to open their hearts to him in any doubt or difficulty, and all that he might know what difficulties they had and make the most of them. However, as they did not so far give him their confidence, he could not for some time find any thing to fix upon; at last he discovered some small difficulty which they had. He here begins, seeming to take the same difficulty from them, to engage them to investigate it with him; and to have more confidence in the simplicity and sincerity of his proceedings, of which he made them believe they were witnesses at the beginning.

At first, then, he showed only some little dislike of that which he had perceived they were not forward to use; yet very reservedly; the whilst (as condemning the senselessness of Protestants) he began to propose to them what would be most reasonable to be thought, were it not for the authority of the Church, laying before them that which he after followed (Socinianism). Then he spoke of the former thing with more dislike, but acquitting the Church of any concern in it; and seemed to discover other things somewhat blamable, with which he charged not the Church but private men's irregular devotions; till by degrees he made these objectionable things appear of consequence, and many in number. And what he durst not yet say by himself he did by counterfeited letters; as one purporting to be from a man inclined to be a Catholic, but diverted therefrom by certain devotions he found practised, who advised him not to strain at a gnat in the Protestant religion and swallow a camel in the Catholic: this he showed them, and afterwards bragged of the deceit. Another paper purported to be from the Archbishop of Canterbury; but he afterwards unluckily gave them the foul copy of it by mistake. After making these things seem strange to them, he began to say he saw not how so fully to excuse the Church, and yet ended by professing himself a Catholic. To prevent their speaking of all this, he

inveighed against one who had done so, calling it a breach of trust; so they concealed it. Thus he continued daily to advance by imperceptible degrees, till he came to affirm those things to be impious, and the Church to be guilty in allowing the practice. Nevertheless he said the doctrine which she pretended to teach was good, but she approved the practice of things repugnant to that doctrine. He hoped, he said, that he should receive satisfaction in these things, and would receive with much apparent joy any plausible answer to his objections; but would be sure soon to return with some new discovery of its unsoundness. When the young ladies urged him to speak to others as fully as he did to them, and to let them hear the conference, he made long delays, pretending not to be ready, as he wished for fuller satisfaction to amass all possible objections. He made no doubt of receiving full satisfaction; yet if he should not, and if the things should turn out to be as condemnable as he said, and the Church as much engaged in them, then, as its foundation, infallibility, would be overthrown, he asked them whether they would be content to retire from their mother's to their brother's, and there, by the help of their brother (as a Protestant) and himself (as a Catholic) begin a new inquiry into religion, they two debating between them, and then informing the ladies of the result. One of them, Elizabeth, was persuaded into giving this conditional promise.

Lady Falkland had no suspicion of him, though she was warned by Lord Craven, a Protestant, that he was no Catholic; and that he would not let Lord Craven's brother, whom he pretended to be making one, be any thing in quiet; but having first drawn him to resolve to be a Catholic, he would then stop him, and draw him back again, and when he saw him ready to fix himself where he was before, draw him on again. This she did not believe; but informed Chillingworth of it, who received it with much patience as a calumny cast on him for God's cause. But it was quite true.

After procuring Elizabeth's assent, Chillingworth, underhand, got Lord Newburgh to propose to the young ladies to remove to their brother's. In the course of conversation, Elizabeth acknowledged to him also (with whom Chillingworth had dealt secretly, though he pretended that he did not know him), that she had some fear of religion, and yielded to go to her brother's on condition she might have a Catholic with her, naming Mr. Chillingworth for the purpose, according to his instigation; but she soon saw she had gone farther than she meant, and was kept back the more by Chillingworth's reproaches of her cowardice in not going. She per-

ceived how she had been surprised, all her fears being built on his unproved supposals, and began to suspect his honesty; especially when he by mistake put into her hands the foul copy of what he had given them as from the Archbishop of Canterbury in his own handwriting. She therefore absolutely recalled her promise, and refused to go till he had given his promised proofs and held the conference. It was this, as he declared, that made him throw off the mask; for he would have continued a seeming Catholic, had not they by their urging thrust him out.

We must interrupt our narrative here, only staying to inform our readers that it was written by Lucy, one of these four young ladies; which accounts for the intimate knowledge she shows of all this passage with Chillingworth, which is not nearly ended yet. One thing she does not know, which we can supply to her narrative. She owns that her uncle Newburgh knew the character of the agent he was using to undermine her faith, and she mentions a report that Chillingworth undertook his hypocritical part at the instance of Lady Falkland's Protestant friends. But she seems to think that Laud had very little to do with it, and that the paper given them in his name was a mere forgery of Chillingworth's. We are afraid that the following letter tends to prove that the Anglican martyr had more to do with this very scandalous proceeding than had ever been suspected.

Archbishop Laud to King Charles I.

“ May it please your sacred majesty,

The Lord Newburgh hath lately acquainted me that Mrs. Anne and Mrs. Elizabeth Cary, two daughters of the late Lord Falkland, are reconciled to the Church of Rome, not without the practice of the lady their mother. Your majesty, I presume, remembers what suit the Lord Newburgh made to you at Greenwich, and what command you sent by Mr. Secretary Coke to the lady, that she should forbear working upon her daughters' consciences, and suffer them to go to my lord their brother, or any other safe place, where they might receive such instruction as was fit for them. The lady trifled out all these commands, pretending her daughters' sickness; till now they are sick indeed, yet not without hope of recovery. For (as my lord informs me) they meet with some things there which they cannot digest, and are willing to be taken off again by any fair way. *I have taken hold of this, and according to my duty done what I could think fittest for the present.* But the greatest thing I fear is, that the mother will still be practising, and do all she can to hinder. These are therefore humbly to pray your majesty to give me leave to call the old lady into the high commission, if I find cause so to do. And farther, as I was, so am I still an earnest

suitor that she might be commanded from court, where if she live, she is as like to breed inconvenience to yourself as any other. I write without passion in this, but with the knowledge which I have of her mischievous practising. And now I have once again performed my duty, and acquainted your majesty with her dangerous disposition, I leave it to your piety and wisdom, and humbly beg to take my leave.

Your majesty's most obliged and faithful servant,
Croydon, July 20, 1634. W. CANT.*

What came of this intricate plot to deceive four young girls we shall see in our next Number.

Reviews.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON LA SALETTE.

The Edinburgh Review for July 1857. Longmans.

WE believe that we express a sentiment very general among English Catholics, when we say that we have never been able to feel any very strong convictions either way respecting the apparition of the Blessed Virgin on the mountain of La Salette. It is not always easy to state *why* one feels an especial interest in one thing, and none in another, when at first sight both events appear to have equal claims upon one's attention. Of all the horrible crimes perpetually recorded in the newspapers, nobody can tell why here and there some one enormity immediately attracts every body's notice, while a host of others, just as atrocious or singular, pass away without creating any remarkable sensation beyond the immediate neighbourhoods where they are perpetrated. But so it is in all things which are out of the ordinary routine of daily action, where one's own personal interests are not primarily concerned. One event is recorded, read of, and forgotten; another excites every body to a painful degree, and we feel almost as if our own happiness depended upon the event's being decided in accordance with our private wishes or opinions.

For some reasons or other, it is undeniable that the reported miraculous appearance at La Salette has not awakened any very general interest in Catholic circles in this country, or, we believe, any where except a portion of France

* State-Paper Office, Domestic,—July 20, 1634.

itself. A certain number of Catholics, undoubtedly of different classes, have not only been interested in it, but have unhesitatingly decided in favour of its reality.* Much has been written in its favour, not merely by pious and uncritical enthusiasts, but by sound-judging and temperate men, who approached the subject with a conviction that the one sole thing to be considered was whether it was true. On the whole, however, the great majority of Catholics, both lay and clerical, have either expressed a positive disbelief in its genuineness, or a disposition to suspend their judgment until the subject was more thoroughly investigated; or, more generally still, have confessed that they could not arouse themselves to care very much about it either one way or the other. An immense number of "pilgrims," no doubt, have visited the mountain; and the water has been carried far and wide through Christendom; but nevertheless, with certain exceptions, the narrative has not taken root generally in the mind of Catholics of an influential character; while of those who have actually travelled to the scene of the supposed apparition not a few have been but partially satisfied, however good a case they may have presented to their own minds and those of other persons.

The somewhat languishing interest both of the supporters and opponents of the story has been awakened by the trials, reported in the French newspapers, of a certain ex-religious, for having played upon the credulity of the world by personating the Blessed Virgin and presenting herself to the children, and so giving rise to the entire history. This person, by name Constance Lamerlière de St. Ferriol, entered a convent at Grenoble, in which diocese is included the mountain of La Salette, above thirty years ago, and was for many years the mistress of novices. After a time she left the establishment, and organised a charitable institution of her own. She was, however, considered to be so eccentric in her conduct, that her family instituted what we call in England a commission "*de lunatico inquirendo*;" and in 1846 she was legally declared incompetent to manage her own affairs. A fortnight afterwards the apparition to the little cowherds took place. We need not recapitulate all the reported details respecting the personation,—how she is said first of all to have boasted of it, then to have confessed it; how she was seen by several persons in the dress supposed to have been worn by the Blessed Virgin; how she has subsequently denied her confession; and, in short, has proved be-

* A correspondent of our own recorded his belief in its genuineness several years ago.

yond a doubt that she is herself a half-crazy, half-designing, and altogether silly woman, with a burning passion for notoriety. The facts to be dwelt upon are the following: that the details of the supposed imposture were formally maintained by the Abbé Déléon, and that in 1855 Mademoiselle Lamerlière brought an action against him for defamation; that the abbé justified his statements, and that Mademoiselle Lamerlière lost her suit and had to pay the costs. She appealed to a higher tribunal; and the case was again tried by the Imperial Court of Grenoble only last April, when the abbé was again victorious. The one point urged against the possibility that she personated the Blessed Virgin, namely, that she was at St. Marcellin on the day of the apparition, is answered by the reply that she had a writ served on her at St. Marcellin, not on the day of the apparition, but on the morning of the previous day, and that there is no proof of any description to show that she was not at La Salette on the day itself.

Under these circumstances, it seems likely, unless something new should turn up, that the excitement produced in some quarters by the narrative would gradually die away. Whether the story of Mademoiselle Lamerlière is true or not, it is clear that it must exercise a powerful influence on the popular belief. Not possessing, however, any better means for inquiring into the circumstances of the case than those within the reach of our readers generally, we should probably not have troubled them with any remarks of our own, but that the whole affair has been made the subject of a paper in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, which draws from it the most unfounded accusations against Catholics in general and the clergy in particular. Indeed, the article is a striking exhibition of those very offences against sound reason and good feeling and morals which it is its object to charge upon the Catholic Church. We have often thought, and we believe have said as much in print, that if ever a thoughtful person is puzzled by the intellectual and moral deficiencies to be observed among his fellow-Catholics, the best possible remedy for any temptations against faith which may be thus awakened, is the contemplation of the illogical unfairness, the absolute incapacity for sound reasoning, and the palpable ill-will, which are at times to be witnessed in the most respectable and intelligent quarters of Protestantism. If any man, coming to the conclusion that the apparition is a grand mistake,—partly honest, partly roguish,—fancies that it tells against the general honesty and morals of the Catholic Church, and that the virtues wanting in the Church are to

be found flourishing among her leading opponents, we can only say, read and study the *Edinburgh Review* on La Salette. Contrast the acuteness, the calmness, the good feeling, the soundness of morals, which may be claimed for other articles in the very same number of the Review, with the recklessness of deduction and the intemperateness of phrase and feeling displayed when the Catholic Church is concerned. Contrast especially the manner in which the immoralities of Goethe's writings are, and sincerely, exposed, with the *animus* of this onslaught against the adherents of Catholicism. Observe, too, that this onslaught is not one of the low and coarse tirades of stupid Calvinistic Protestantism. The writer is, we gladly admit, ready to do justice to us in many ways. He professes feelings and opinions which we receive in the same spirit of sincere cordiality with which they are put forward. The remarkable phenomenon is, that with all this appreciation of certain facts in the Church, the reviewer *cannot* carry into consistent practice the virtues he attacks us for neglecting. He is a mass of inconsistencies. A certain blinding and bewildering influence seems exerted on him, as we so often see in other instances, by which he is led into argumentative antics which would provoke him to laughter or disgust on any other topic than that of Popery and Papists. We will proceed, however, through the article at length, and gather a few of the gems of logic and charity with which the reviewer has so thickly strewn our path.

To what lengths of misstatement and imputation the writer is about to go, we guess from his opening paragraphs. As a sample of his historical correctness, he informs us that the "Church of Rome proscribes all mixed marriages as concubinage, and all lay education as blasphemy." To prove his judicial candour, he starts with assuming that all the reported miracles of the day are not merely errors, but deliberate "impostures" on the part of the priesthood. Especially he falls foul of Dr. Ullathorne, and the Rev. John Wyse, of Birmingham, for their writings; treating them as participators in "one of the grossest frauds ever practised by the priesthood," and calling Mr. Wyse's "Manual" on La Salette a "mendacious production." With respect to Mr. Wyse, it must be admitted that he has laid himself open to attack by his fierce abuse of the English people, and the want of discrimination he has shown in selecting the objects of his censure. But we must protest altogether against the supposition that Mr. Wyse is a fair sample of Catholic feeling or opinion. His embittered sentiments towards this country have nothing to do with his religion; they are merely

the result of that fierce "anti-Saxon" prejudice which unfortunately yet lingers among some few of his fellow-countrymen, he himself being an Irishman well known for the strength of his animosities. We decline accordingly to accept him as a representative, or to allow that Catholics in general have so little perception of facts as to pick out "swearing and the profanation of the Sunday" as characteristic sins of England; or so little theological acquirements as to imagine that "they go to the shambles like dogs" is "a common expression in the sacred Scriptures."

Towards the Bishop of Birmingham the reviewer is certainly more respectful in manner; but this only brings into stronger contrast the monstrous implication that he is knowingly upholding an imposture. Nor is this slander in one page to be forgiven because in another page the reviewer speaks of the Bishop as an "enthusiastic votary of the apparition," and asserts that "nothing seems to be too extravagant for this reverend prelate to believe."

These accusations and their contradictions, in different parts of the same paper, are, however, but a specimen of the character of the entire article. The whole superstructure of attack rests upon certain imputations on the character of a very small number of the clergy of Grenoble. Even on the supposition that the statements made with respect to them are not susceptible of an innocent interpretation, a candid mind would at once perceive that the belief of all other Catholics in the miracle is evidently *bonâ fide*, and that the theory that the affair is part and parcel of the grand priestly system of deception is a fiction of the reviewer's imagination. The pecuniary benefit which has undoubtedly accrued to certain parties through the flocking of multitudes to the spot, and the sale of the water, is confined to an extremely small number of ecclesiastics; and even supposing that these few are not too anxious to investigate the authenticity of a story which they find so profitable, it passes all limits of reason to extend their fault to the various ecclesiastics and laymen who have given in their adhesion to the narrative. The only points, indeed, which the reviewer has to rely upon are these: that M. Rousselot, the great supporter of the history, was largely in debt when the events first occurred, and that some of his colleagues in the chapter were his sureties; that these identical persons were employed to sit on the local commission which first gave any sanction to the story; and that after the Vicar-General Berthier, at one of the sittings of the commission, had inquired whether the new incumbent of La Salette accounted for the money he received for the sale

of the water,* the said Vicar-General was dispensed from further attendance. Moreover, the commission, five in number, only reported by a majority of one in favour of the miracle.

The extremity of unfairness of the reasonings of the *Edinburgh* appears, further, from its own statements of the amount of opposition which the story has met with among the French Bishops. Whether correctly or not, the reviewer quotes the Bishops of Gap, of Belley, of Orleans, of Mans, of Poitiers, as urgently discountenancing the story. He says that the late Archbishop of Paris prohibited the sale of the water; and that the Archbishops of Bourdeaux, of Avignon, of Turin, and of Aix, have all expressed their disapproval. "The Pope himself," he continues, "when the pretended secrets of the children were laid before him, declared that they were revolting nonsense, brought to him by a couple of crazy priests, and fit only for the waste-paper basket. This fact is given on the authority of M. de Ségur, an auditor of the Rota, who heard the Pope use this language; and it is notorious that the French Bishops who have since visited Rome have received the Pope's advice to let the affair of La Salette fall to the ground."

Having thus completed his exordium and his narrative, the writer proceeds to his moral. We need not tell our readers that it is quite tremendous. To begin with, we are asked, "What becomes of the boasted uniformity of belief and practice of the Romish Church, on the immutable basis of infallible authority, if on an occasion like this it fails to protect the weak and the unwary from gross imposition and debasing misbelief?" We might as rationally ask, What becomes of the boasted enlightenment of Protestants in general, and the *Edinburgh Review* in particular, if it fails to protect English readers from being taught that a prelate who has spent his youth and manhood in reforming English criminals at Botany Bay, and in the hard work of a laborious diocese, against whose personal character no human being ever breathed a syllable, whose personal property altogether would not pay the contributors to one single number of the *Edinburgh*, and who has just signalled himself by opposing the receiving of money-grants from Government, is nevertheless guilty of wilfully propagating a lying deception, originating in a scheme for getting money, and fostered by a scoundrel priesthood for the purpose of humbugging the pious simpletons who are led by "the baser elements of human nature?"

But, let us ask, where does the "Romish Church" pre-

* In 1850 the curé of Corps admitted to the Bishop of Gap that he had received 40,000 francs for the water he had sold.

tend to uniformity of opinion as to such matters as this of La Salette? We never heard of her pretending to uniformity, except as to doctrine, sacraments, and morals, and to a right to regulate affairs of discipline according to her own discretion. It is amusing enough, too, after we have trembled beneath the reviewer's thunders at page 22, to turn over a leaf, and find him, at page 25, quoting Cardinal Bellarmine; "whose opinion," he says, "will not be disputed when it tends to limit the Papal authority," to the following effect: "Conveniunt omnes Catholici posse Pontificem (Romanum) etiam ut Pontificem, et cum suo cœtu consiliorum, vel cum generali concilio, errare in controversiis facti particularibus, quæ ex informatione testimoniisque hominum præcipue pendent." On which our reviewer then remarks: "It is an entire usurpation of authority, even by Rome"—that is, he means, *by her own theory*—"to pronounce definitively on such facts as these." So, then, we are all to be comfortably lodged, not on one of the horns of a dilemma, but on both of them at once. First, the Pope is a traitor to Christianity for not putting down the propagation of the story of La Salette; and secondly, he would be a vile usurper if he did pronounce upon it! Pleasant judges, truly, these Edinburgh reviewers! Pretty penal laws would they enact for us superstitious Papists, could they get the manufacture once more into their own hands. If the Pope has no right to pronounce definitively, even supposing circumstances made it possible, what possible course remains to those who disbelieve in the apparition but that which they have adopted? By the reviewer's admission, many French Bishops have strenuously protested against its reality; and those of the lower clergy who have agreed with them have found unflinching expositors of their incredulousness. As to us English Catholics, we are complimented in the following flattering terms: "We have no doubt that the best-informed and most pious of the English Catholics are ashamed of this nonsense, and would repudiate it if they dared. But where are they to draw the line? Where are they first to apply their reasoning faculties, and to recognise the laws of nature and evidence? 'This Manual'—that is, Mr. Wyse—"tells them what they may be expected to believe; and if the principle of unqualified obedience is to be their guide, they have no reason to stop short at any point in the maze of credulity and imposture." Truly we Catholics are a miserable race. We suffer from an awful tyranny without knowing it:

"Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance;
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, regraded, spiritless outcast."

If our censor is not in the transports of indignation which animated the knife-grinder's censors,—though we much fear that all we shall get from him will be a repetition of the famous reply administered to the said knife-grinder, “I give thee sixpence? I'd see thee d—d first,”—if our censor, however, can listen to the voice of remonstrance, we can assure him that his pity is entirely thrown away. We assure him, for our parts, though we do not claim to be among “the best-informed and most pious” of English Catholics, that if we were convinced that the story of La Salette was nonsense, we should not hesitate for one moment to express our disbelief; but that really we have no grounds for any thing more than a suspension of judgment, which—for the consolation of all Edinburgh and other critics—we hereby avow, all fear of tremendous sacerdotal, episcopal, or Papal censures notwithstanding; which, by the way, is no great boast after all, for we suspect that most priests and bishops are very much of our way of thinking about it. And as to our difficulties in applying the laws of evidence, we beg our censors to believe that we Catholics have no more scruple in applying our critical faculties to any subject of pretended fact whatsoever, than we have in testing the criticisms even of that most august of authorities, the venerable quarterly organ of philosophical Whiggism.

What are the theological qualifications of this organ may be gathered from a sentence in which we are told what we believe with respect to the Blessed Virgin. She is, we learn, “a being whom the Romish Church invests with Divine attributes, and has recently made to partake of the Divine nature.” Considering that the school of the Edinburgh reviewers, with Lord Palmerston as its expositor, holds that *all* men are created and born free from original sin, and that the Catholic Church has recently asserted simply that the Blessed Virgin was created and born in that state, this is not *quite* an accurate view of the theology of Catholicism.

With one or two sentences which occur towards the conclusion of the article before us we have no hesitation in expressing our agreement. So far as the reviewer means that it is a very injurious thing to religion to circulate random stories of supernatural agency, we cordially concur in the opinion. There is, too, some truth in his idea that such careless talking or writing is favourable to the growth of an odious bigotry and intolerance, and lends additional virulence to the fanaticism of ultra-Protestantism. It is, indeed, an idea with some persons that the propagation of mere reports of miraculous events, or the assertion of their reality without

the application of any very keen criticism, is at the worst a perfectly harmless mistake, and moreover, that it is an indication of a pious spirit to be inclined to overlook the rigid laws of evidence in order to believe a supposed miracle rather than disbelieve it. Both of these views appear to us to be without foundation in truth.

To take first the latter of the two. Surely it is a serious error to confound the consideration of what is "pious" with the consideration of what is "true." It is a jumbling together the cause with the effect, which can only issue in injury to them both. It is an act of piety to regard with devout interest and veneration whatever is first proved to be true in the domain of religion; but until the clear and unbiased critical faculty has decided whether a statement is true or not, piety has nothing to do with the matter whatsoever. It is not a pious act to attempt to anticipate, so to say, the works of Providence, and to pretend to such a knowledge of the Divine will as to assume, even to the slightest degree, that it has chosen to act in one particular manner rather than another. It is contrary to true piety to approach the evidence of a reputed miracle with a bias either one way or the other. To be disposed against the evidence, through a feeling of dislike to believe that God has interfered in the ordinary laws of nature, or from an unwillingness to receive a fresh impression of the awfully close nature of our relationship to Him, is contrary to piety, indicating a worldly and generally irreligious mind. But in the avoidance of this fault, it is not right to go to the opposite extreme. Some persons *like* to believe that there are many modern miracles in general, and in detail are disposed to give credence beforehand to every reported supernatural occurrence. This may doubtless be a harmless disposition in themselves personally, though it cannot be denied that a tendency to wish for many miracles is not encouraged either in the Scriptures or the most eminent spiritual writers. But to call this disposition "pious" is to abuse language, and to make the proof of all miracles more or less uncertain by confounding it with our own personal feelings or prepossessions. The *argumentum ad verecundiam* is, in truth, a weapon of reasoning which requires to be applied with remarkable skill and caution. It has proved one of the most prolific instruments of deception in use among men. It is precisely by its means that Dr. Pusey, and other men of influence of his school, have succeeded in controlling the actions of persons disposed to consider fairly the claims of Rome to their obedience. It is "pious," they are told, to believe in the Anglican Church, or, at any rate,

to remain in her communion. And just so, among ourselves, there are persons in all ages and countries who would doctor the facts of history, and encourage chance reports of marvellous events, on the ground that it is pious to shut one's eyes to facts, and to believe that Catholics have been good men when they have been great scoundrels; or that it has pleased Divine Providence to act in one particular manner, when it is really probable that it has acted in a manner the very reverse. For ourselves, we hold that true piety absolutely commands the exercise of extreme caution in crediting reports of miracles. We can see no reverence to Almighty God in a disposition to think that He is perpetually acting in one way rather than another. The most profound submission and the most ardent faith are perfectly compatible with an acute perception of the extreme carelessness with which reports of any thing marvellous are repeated from mouth to mouth, and with the conviction that there exists a strong *à priori* improbability in every rumour which alleges that a miracle has taken place. The question is purely one of matter-of-fact; and piety has no more to do with its settlement one way or other than with the determination of the laws which govern the revolutions of comets or the growth of plants. All alike come from the hand of God; and it is as contrary to revealed religion to believe an unproved miracle, as it is to natural reason to believe in an undemonstrated algebraic formula.

But further, a very serious injury is done to the cause of religion by this confounding of the "pious" and the "true." The indulgence of a morbid passion for modern miracles tends not only, as all great spiritual writers agree, to the deterioration of simple faith and practical devotion, but it tends directly to cast doubts on the authenticity of all miracles whatsoever. When an observer sees pious people so ready to accept reports of this kind, and to take this readiness as a proof of piety, he naturally begins to conclude that the same rashness may have accompanied the original propagation of the best authenticated miracles of other and more ancient times. Humanity, people argue, has always been the same: we see how utterly careless and thoughtless many devout persons are in forming their convictions around us; what they are, others must have been. Who, then, can hope to ascertain the real truth about any miracle whatsoever? Who can say whether the most apparently complete chains of evidence do not hang upon a final link no more trustworthy than the numerous stories which we hear, apparently incontrovertible in the way of evidence, but which break down when the

original witnesses are closely cross-examined by antagonist questioners? It is to little purpose to accompany one's words with an admission that of course we *may be* mistaken, when it is plain that we revel in the supernatural, and had rather believe than not in miraculous rumours. The fact that we thus are biased on one side goes to shake all Christian evidence, and to generate a universal spirit of scepticism.

We will not do our readers the injustice to suppose that they will interpret these remarks to mean that we think it is right or reasonable to doubt any miracles when proved. They will understand us to imply nothing more than this, that it is a dangerous thing to be credulous with respect to reputed interferences with the laws of nature; that so far from tending to the glory of God and the deepening our sense of the supernatural, it tends directly to irrational presumption and the weakening of faith. And we make these remarks, not only from a strong personal conviction of their truth and importance, and of the peculiar necessity for acting upon them at the present time, but because we are sure that not a few of our wisest and most influential ecclesiastics entertain the same opinions with ourselves.

The effect of an unreasoning credulity upon the Protestant world is, again, a subject demanding our anxious consideration. All attentive investigation into the phenomena of anti-Catholicism goes to show that with the better class of Protestants the chief ground of hostility to Catholics consists in a conviction that we are personally guilty of certain moral or intellectual faults, rather than in any deep-seated hatred of our special doctrines or opinions. In the particular instance before us, they revolt, not so much from the idea that this or that distinct miracle is true, but from us personally as a race of credulous simpletons or designing knaves. Were they convinced that we habitually used our best abilities *honestly* to search for truth in these matters, much of their practical animosity would pass away. They might pity us, or disagree with us, but they would not regard us with the same degree of dislike and intellectual disgust. That they would ever do us complete justice is highly improbable. We only think that they would be less unjust than they are now.

Is it not, then, an extremely undesirable course of action, recklessly to foster this general idea that we never fairly apply the laws of evidence to professing miracles? As to the notion of concealing our belief in those wonders of which we *are* convinced, we would not for an instant advocate it. We have no sympathy with that cowardly system which

would pare down every thing Catholic as nearly as possible to the level of the Protestant intelligence. It is a disloyal and contemptible method, which only brings down disgrace and failure on its advocates. But this is a very different thing from a doubly careful avoidance of errors, when we see that they tend to lower the character of Catholics in the eyes of those whom we wish to conciliate. The disapproval of Prot stants is no reason for hiding our faith, or shrinking from avowing our opinions; but it is an additional reason for avoiding a course of action which not merely does no good to religion, but is rather positively injurious to it. The three grand obstacles we have to overcome in the opinions of our fellow-countrymen are, first, the conviction that we are leagued with despotism; secondly, that we are not scrupulous as men of truth and honour; and thirdly, that we are, in plain English, fools. And surely it is no proof either of faith or of courage, but rather of self-will and bravado, *needlessly* to give a handle to those who bring against us these cruel imputations. "Let not our good be evil spoken of," is an apostolic injunction which it is always perilous to overlook. Many persons without the Church imagine that our clergy are leagued in a foul conspiracy to bolster up their pretensions by a series of sham wonders. Now it is not enough to remember among ourselves that this charge is simply ridiculous. It is not enough to notice, as many converts do, that the Catholic priesthood generally are not nearly so much disposed to push forward reports of supernatural events as they themselves would have previously supposed; and that, in point of fact, it is the laity who are most eager to make much of this sort of proof of Catholicism, and who are most indignant when people venture to doubt before they believe. What we have to do is, to force upon our fellow-countrymen the conviction that, as a class of men, Catholics are most rigorous in their application of the rules of evidence to reports of miraculous agency; and that they are fully alive to the exaggerations and alterations in the plainest statements which are the result of an unreasoning desire to find out the supernatural in every event which is not at first sight explicable by the common laws of nature.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA, TARTARY, AND THIBET.

Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet. By M. L'Abbé Hue, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China, &c. London: Longmans. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

In a former Number we concluded with the safe return of the brave Franciscan ambassador of St. Louis to the bosom of his convent at St. Jean d'Acre. While Rubruk was engaged on his pious journey, Innocent IV., and his successor Alexander IV., were organising in Europe a body of missionaries, under the name of the "Society of Brother Travellers for Jesus Christ," who were to undertake the work of the propagation of the faith on a greatly-extended scale; and, at the instance of St. Raymond of Pennafort, General of the Dominicans, St. Thomas Aquinas composed his "Summary," in order to render the preaching of the missionaries more efficacious.

The gigantic empire of the Tartars, however, was already beginning to show signs of disruption; the edifice had been reared too high before the foundations had time to settle. Seeking safety in new conquests, Mangou-Khan, in 1256, placed his brothers Kublai and Houlagou at the head of two considerable armies; the first to subdue China, the second to invade Persia and Mesopotamia, sparing Armenia, because Hayton, king of that country, had done voluntary homage to the Tartar chief. Houlagou entered Persia with 70,000 horsemen; and in the first year of his occupation destroyed the Assassins, the strange fanatics who, under their king, the "Old Man of the Mountain," play so prominent a part in the pages of the mediæval historians. The progress of Houlagou was one of incessant victory and destruction; but he favoured the Christians, as was thought from the influence of his Christian wife, Dhogouz-Khatoun.

Having completed the conquest of Persia, he marched to Bagdad, and after various successful engagements summoned the Caliph Mostassim to surrender. "Avoid war," said the conqueror; "and do not strike your fist upon the pricker, or take the sun for a lamp, or it will be the worse for you." The caliph returned a haughty answer to the Tartar envoys, who were assailed with abuse and violence; upon which Houlagou exclaimed, "The behaviour of the caliph is more crooked than this bow; but, so God help me, I will make it

as straight as this arrow." On the 1st of February 1258, Bagdad, the city of science, learning, and pleasure, was taken by storm, given up to pillage and slaughter, and more than 800,000 persons mercilessly destroyed; but it is certain that in the sack of the place the Christians were spared; and Machicha, the Nestorian patriarch, subsequently had one of the caliph's palaces assigned him as a residence.

A common hatred of the Mussulmans formed at this time a bond of union in these countries between Christians and Mongols; nevertheless, the princes who made terms, and supplied contingents to the Tartar armies, were regarded with the utmost horror by the Western nations. In 1260 a second irruption filled Poland with blood, and gave many martyrs to the Church. This was but an incident, though it should not be passed over, in the vast succession of conquests which carried terror into the whole civilised world. The subjection of the East went steadily forward; the capture of Bagdad was followed by that of Merdin, Harran, Aleppo, and Damascus; and the Mongols were masters of Syria. Houlagou was preparing to march on Jerusalem, when the news of the death of his brother Mangou arrived, with an intimation that the Tartars were waiting to proclaim him their Grand Khan.

He returned at once, but it was too late; the fickle electors had already chosen Kublai, his brother, to fill the vacant throne; and in 1265 Houlagou and his wife Doghouz-Khatoun both died, to the great grief of the Christians of Asia. They left a son, Abaga, who, in following his own separate career of warfare and victory, drove the Sultan of Egypt out of Turkey, and offered that kingdom to Hayton, the king of Armenia. Hayton refused the dangerous gift, requesting that in place of it Abaga should co-operate with him in delivering the Holy Land from the Saracen yoke. This the Tartar chief promised to do, and actually sent ambassadors to the Pope; though the scheme proposed afterwards miscarried. The wife of Abaga was a daughter of Michael Paleologus, emperor of Byzantium. Houlagou had demanded a daughter in marriage of Michael; and that ingenious potentate, taking a somewhat low estimate of his customer, forwarded one of his natural daughters to order. The lady did not arrive in time; Houlagou slept with his ancestors, as she was informed *en route*, at Cæsarea. She continued her journey, however, and consoled herself by marrying Abaga; and so this Byzantine Maria became a queen of the Mongols; not altogether forgetting her religion, for she petitioned her father to send two painters to decorate the Greek church of Tauris.

Space will not permit us to follow the history of the divisions of the gigantic Mongol empire, for which our readers must make acquaintance with the pages of M. Huc. We must confine ourselves to a mere sketch of the Catholic Christianity which strove to keep alive a flame of truth amidst the whirlwinds and tempests which in those days swept the Eastern world almost without cessation.

Kublai-Khan was beyond a doubt sovereign of the most enormous empire that ever has existed: the whole of China, Corea, Thibet, Tonquin, and Cochin-China; a great part of India beyond the Ganges; many islands of the Indian Ocean, and the whole of the north of the continent of Asia, from the Pacific to the Dnieper. He ruled alike over the most civilised and most barbarous nations, and his personal character contained the leading features of both; he was a patron of the arts of peace, cruel and unrelenting as a savage in war. True to the traditions of Tchinguiz-Khan, he fused all religions into one harmonious conglomerate. Buddhism he nominally adopted from motives of policy; but on Christian festivals he incensed the book of the Gospels, and devoutly kissed it. He said there were four great prophets revered by all nations—Jesus Christ, Mahomet, Moses, and Chakia-Mouni; he held them all in equal honour, and equally invoked their celestial aid. There are many Kublais in these days; but fortunately their sphere of mischief is more limited, whatever their will may be. Such an atmosphere is better suited to commerce than faith; and in the interest of the former, Nicolo and Matteo Polo, in 1256, made their way to the dominions of the khan, and at last reached Peking, Kublai's seat of government, where they were well received; and they safely returned, full of wonders, to Venice. After a pause, they journeyed again to the East, taking with them young Marco, Nicolo's son, who afterwards, when a prisoner at Genoa, gave to the world an account of his seventeen years' residence in Central Asia, which procured him the title of the Prince of Liars, Messer Marco Millione, and so forth. Marco, like our own Bruce, told no more lies than his neighbours; and M. Huc is able of his own experience to bear witness to the bold Venetian's general correctness. Marco Polo's narrative gives but little information as to the state of Christianity, and that little quite incidentally: as when he mentions that such a one was a Christian, as were many men in his army; that at such a place was one Christian church, at another three. There can be no doubt, however, that the Nestorians were diffused over the whole of the rich and extensive Chinese empire; and that they exercised much

influence, never omitting an opportunity of doing so to the prejudice of orthodox missionaries; and among others, of Brother John de Monte Corvino, who, sent on a mission in 1289, penetrated "Cathay," and there nobly fought the battle of the Church. For twelve long years he received no intelligence from Rome, or from his own order, the Friars Minors; but in all simplicity and fervour carried on his labours to a successful issue; having, as he writes in 1305, already baptised 5000 persons, built two churches, and obtained permission to enter the palace of the Grand Khan as an acknowledged officer. In 1307, Clement V. created John Archbishop of Pekin, and sent seven Franciscan monks to join him as suffragans. Three only reached their destination, and consecrated the admirable prelate; of the others, three died on the road of fatigue, and one returned to Italy. In 1312, the Sovereign Pontiff despatched three new suffragans to the archbishop, again taken from the order of St. Francis; and from the few fragments of correspondence which remain, it is clear that at this time much success attended the labours of these apostles of the East; but in the middle ages missionaries wrote but little, and, as M. Huc observes, there were then no *Annales de la Propagation*.

In 1326, André de Perouse writes in terms which show that perfect liberty and security were given to the religious in China. "Among the Jews and Saracens," he says, "no conversions have been made; the idolaters come in great numbers to be baptised, but many of them do not in reality live according to Christianity." He adds, "All the suffragan bishops created by Clement have died at Khanbalik, I only remaining." Numbers of Franciscans and Dominicans were attracted by zeal for the salvation of souls to Central Asia, in addition to those officially despatched by the Holy See and by Christian kings; and of these and their doings we hear from time to time in the fragmentary history of the period. Among the foremost was the Franciscan Oderic of Friuli, who during a sixteen years' apostleship traversed the Indies, China, Tartary, and Thibet; visiting and comforting his brethren at their several missions, and finally returning to give the Pope an account of the state of religion in the East, and to ask for more labourers. His modesty refused to commit his adventures to writing, until forced by the command of his spiritual superiors. He died at Udine, where he had originally been clothed with the habit of St. Francis, as he was preparing to set out again with a colony of young missionaries. The Church has placed him among the number of the Saints.

The preaching of the Gospel had now made immense progress both in China and Tartary; and the blood of the martyrs, which had been freely shed, appeared about to produce an abundant harvest, when a political catastrophe occurred which suddenly blighted all the fields in quick succession. The son of a common labourer, who had become a Buddhist bonze, threw off his monkish robe, and raised a Chinese insurrection against the Tartar government; and after gaining numerous victories, drove out the foreigners, and founded (in 1369) the dynasty of Ming. The Christians shared the sufferings of their Tartar protectors; the flourishing communities established by John of Monte Corvino languished; and as the new dynasty put a stop to all communication with foreign countries, their destruction must have rapidly ensued. In 1370 and 1371, Pope Urban V. organised and despatched many missions to the East; but wars raged every where, and not one of the envoys returned, or was heard of more. The Christian communities founded in other states subject to Tartar dominion had no happier fate than those of China. Persecution had already attacked them in Persia, then governed by an apostate khan; and the implacable wars waged by the descendants of Tchinguiz amongst themselves rendered them an easy prey for Tamerlane to devour.

This fierce conqueror, born in 1336, ravaged and subdued India, Muscovy, and Turkey, and his very name struck terror into the nations; when, in 1405, his sudden death dissipated in a moment his colossal empire, which was dislocated and rent asunder by his children; and on its fragments arose that of the Great Moguls. As to the religion of this tyrant, authors differ; but it is quite certain that in his reign the result of the labours of the children of Francis and Dominic entirely disappeared. In China, some Franciscans who had escaped the massacres struggled to keep alive a spark of faith, and obtained twenty-four of their brethren to assist in the pious work; but the fate of these new apostles was never known, nor whether they reached the goal of their mission.

The frequent communications that had existed between the East and West were now for a long time interrupted. Languor and apathy succeeded the former strange activity; and when the taste for travel revived, things had changed, trade and commerce had replaced both religion and politics. When at length a fresh attempt was made to establish new relations between Europe and Asia, the time was past for long and wearisome land travels; the discovery of the compass was beginning to bear fruit, and the ocean became the highway of the lovers of adventure and discovery. The

extremity of Africa, the Cape of Torments, with its furious storms, had checked the career of Diaz; but in 1497 Vasco da Gama with his bold companions embarked amid tears and lamentations from the port of Lisbon, and within a year the Christian symbol and the flag of Portugal were planted by their hands on the coast of Malabar. There they found the churches and Christians of the Nestorian missions; and at the very time the Portuguese were founding their first settlement at Goa, the Patriarch Elie was despatching four bishops to India and China. This was in 1502; and these four men, all monks of the monastery of St. Eugène in Mesopotamia, became witnesses of the struggles of the foreign intruders in establishing themselves on the new soil. The details of the contest they narrated in a letter addressed to their patriarch, which is preserved in the Oriental library of the learned Maronite Assemani, and quoted at length by our author.

No sooner had the Portuguese set foot in the Indies than the spirit of commerce and adventure impelled them with an irresistible desire to discover the mysterious Cathay, of which so many wonders had been related in preceding ages. At the instigation of the renowned Albuquerque, a squadron of nine vessels, commanded by Ferdinand d'Andrada, was fitted out, and set sail from Lisbon in 1518, and Thomas Pirès was named ambassador. The expedition arrived in due time at Canton, where the gentle and courteous manners of d'Andrada gained the good graces of the mandarins, and he succeeded in making a treaty of commerce subject to the sanction of the emperor. Thomas Pirès set out for Peking expecting to find all smooth before him; but his hopes were doomed to destruction. Simon d'Andrada, brother of Ferdinand, had come from Malacca with four vessels, built a fortress on the island of Ta-men, pillaged the native junks, and let loose his sailors on the coast to commit every act of piracy and licentiousness. The news of this outrage reached Peking; the emperor was besought not to ally himself with the greedy rapacious Franks, whose disposition to conquest was already well known; but the emperor himself dying at this juncture, it was ordained that Pirès should be conducted back to Canton, and the Portuguese ordered to quit the town. The latter refused to do so, resisted, and were defeated and driven to their ships. Pirès was imprisoned, tortured, and at last, with his surviving companions, banished to some part of the empire, where he married; converting, it is said, his wife and the children she bore him, to the faith. Such was the fate of the first European ambassador.

The Portuguese, however, were not likely to lose sight of

so wealthy a land as the commercial transactions of the two Andradas proved it to be; and, in 1522, another expedition was fitted out. The Cantonese magistrates gave it a hot reception. A naval engagement ensued, and the "Portuguese were not victorious," getting, in truth, a handsome thrashing, and leaving many prisoners in the hands of the Chinese. Many died in prison of starvation, and the rest were cut to pieces as spies and robbers. "And in this matter," says a very candid Portuguese historian, "the Chinese did wrong them more in the first particular than in the second." But the thirst for gain and the love of adventure are stronger than death. Privateers from Goa established a smuggling trade along the coast; the mandarins were bribed, and at last permission was granted to traffic with the Isle of Sancian. This brings us to the date of glorious St. Francis Xavier. He had found the superior wisdom and knowledge of the Chinese cast in his teeth by the priests of Japan; and he hoped by attacking idolatry in China, and vanquishing the gods of the admired nation, to lead the Japanese to a better mind with an easier success. But God had otherwise ordained. Obstacles of all kinds were raised by men of his own religion; and committing himself to the mercy of Providence, he reached the desert and barren Isle of Sancian, thirty leagues off the continent, only to render up his pure soul on its inhospitable sands. A Chinese merchant had promised to convey him to the mainland, in a junk manned by his sons and persons in whom he could confide; but the unsuspecting Francis had incautiously paid the man beforehand, and with true celestial perfidy he decamped with the prize, and without his passenger. The saint was found by a Portuguese, lying on the ground mortally stricken with fever; and on the 2d of December 1552 he expired, actually in sight of the vast empire into which he had hoped to carry the light of the Gospel.

Three years after his death, Gaspard de la Croix, of Evora, a Dominican, succeeded in entering China, and made some conversions; but was soon banished. He retired to the kingdom of Ormuz, where he renewed his labours with effect, until, worn out and exhausted, he returned to his native land, and died, the last victim of the plague at Lisbon, having devoted himself to the service of the suffering populace.

A long time elapsed before the tenure of the Portuguese assumed a less precarious form. At last they were permitted a trading season at Canton; at the termination of which the market was closed, and they re-embarked with all their goods

and chattels. But a lucky accident enabled them to convert their temporary establishment into a permanent settlement within the confines of the flowery land. A powerful pirate seized an important island not far from Canton, and held in blockade the principal ports of China. In their distress the mandarins applied for help to the Portuguese, whose vessels from Sancian sufficed to engage and conquer the pirate. The emperor in his gratitude granted the strangers permission to reside at the eastern end of the island of Ngao-Men; and little by little arose the town of Macao, destined to become the centre of an immense trade, and of the missions of all that part of Asia. From this time the history of the Society of Jesus in China, and of the Church there, become one and the same.

To Father Allessandro Valignani, who had been appointed visitor of all the Jesuit missions in the Indies, belongs the glory of organising the first endeavours of the society to propagate the Gospel in the interior of China. On his way to Japan, he stopped at Macao; and finding that the monks already there were scarcely sufficient for the wants of the colony itself, he wrote to the provincial of the Indies for assistance; and, before he sailed for Japan, drew up instructions for the guidance of any monks who might undertake the Chinese mission. Fathers Michael Roger and Matthew Ricci, in answer to the visitor's appeal, were, in 1579, brought together at Macao, and associated in the appointed labour; and shortly after, by the exercise of a little diplomacy in the true Chinese style, they found themselves established at Tchao-King-Fou, a town of the first class, under the protection of Tsing-Tsai, the viceroy of the provinces of the two Kouangs. The polite name of "Western Devils" was already applied to the curious strangers. Very shortly, however, Tsing-Tsai was deposed, and the fathers hustled without ceremony back to Macao, their hopes utterly crushed by an edict of the new viceroy; when, on a sudden, they received a despatch from him, inviting them back to Tchao-King, and giving permission to build there a church and a house. The viceroy proved, after all, of a good and generous disposition; and under his favour they built a house with an oratory, conducting themselves with such skill and prudence as to gain the suffrages not only of the ruler, but of the chief mandarins and men of letters of the town, who frequently visited them, and discoursed freely on God, the soul, and salvation. But the arrogance and self-conceit of the celestials was as abundant then as now; and the missionaries, though listened to with the most courteous attention, obtained, it must be confessed, "more applause than fruit."

They had the consolation nevertheless of converting some souls; and applying themselves to acquire skill in writing the Chinese character, they composed a treatise on the Christian doctrine, which they printed in a press at their own house. The copies were profusely distributed throughout the empire; and the foreign doctors thus acquired a wide reputation, which their sound knowledge of mathematics and geography tended to increase and consolidate. The viceroy stood their firm friend in a popular tumult; and munificent donations from the Portuguese traders to India and Japan enabled them to resume their architectural labours, and to complete their house on a very sufficient and satisfactory scale. Other Fathers were by various means introduced into the mission; and all would have been well if the safety of the whole had not depended on the protection and favour of a few mandarins, who might any day be removed, and who, with characteristic fickleness, might grow cool in their friendship, and suffer the fundamental laws of the country, which absolutely opposed the strangers, to be put in strict operation against them. In a council of Jesuits held at Macao, it was decided that the best chance of securing safety was a recognition and approval of the mission by the government at Peking, to be obtained, if possible, by an apostolic legation from the Holy See; and Father Roger was commissioned to proceed to Rome, in order to negotiate this important business.

Father Ricci, in his absence, steered the course of the mission with infinite care among the shoals and quicksands and rocks that beset it on every side, and hoped that the hour was come when the object of seven years' labour and trial might be attained; but the death of the viceroy raised a fresh tempest. His successor sent an edict to the magistrates of Tchao-King commanding them at once to drive the strangers from the town, and send them back to their country, with sixty piastres as indemnity for the loss of their house. Father Ricci, by this time thoroughly well acquainted with the character of the parties with whom he had to deal, effected a compromise, and succeeded, in return for some concessions, in procuring leave to establish himself in another province of the empire. Tchao-Tcheou was the town selected, and thither the missionaries repaired, under the guidance of the sub-prefect of the place; a fine piece of land was assigned them, of which they paid the price at their own request, in order to feel more secure of their property, and the work of building once more went on briskly. Taught by a dear experience, they took care to arrange house, church, and the whole esta-

blishment in the most orthodox Chinese fashion. One of their first converts was a distinguished scholar, Kin-Tai-Sse, and this conversion brought much renown, for his reputation was great; and the house at Tchao-Tcheou became the rendezvous of the literate body and the first functionaries of the province. In the mean time Fathers d'Almeida and Francis de Petris successively died, and Ricci was left unaided till reinforced by Father Cataneo. Father Ricci had long earnestly desired to visit Peking, in the hope of obtaining an audience of the emperor; and an opportunity occurring of attaching himself to the suite of a mandarin, he left Father Cataneo in charge of the mission, and departed on his perilous journey. After many dangers, he safely reached Nankin, and applied for protection and aid to one of his old Canton friends, the Mandarin Hia, for whom he had made a globe and some sundials. The great mandarin received him with measured courtesy and all the "rites;" but notwithstanding turned him out of doors, and caused the man in whose house he had lodged to be cruelly beaten. Of course all resistance was vain; he re-embarked, turned his prow, and began to row "against the course of the stream, and not less against his own wishes." At Nantchoung-Fou, the capital of the province of Kiang-Si, he was comforted by the good offices of a worthy physician; and though he failed at this time in his main object, he succeeded in founding a new mission in that populous town, and secured the favour and protection of two princes of the imperial family who resided there. In the mean while the mission of Tchao-Tcheou battled through many dangers; and as the Jesuit stations were now scattered wide in the interior of China, it became necessary to give full powers to some competent person, who could act at once on emergencies without reference to the distant centre of authority at Macao. Father Ricci was accordingly nominated superior-general, and authorised to decide all questions without appeal. Believing that if the torch of faith could be borne to the height of Peking it would shed a far greater light over the empire, the zealous missionary watched his opportunities with the utmost care, and at last both Father Ricci and Father Cataneo found themselves in the imperial city. Again disappointment awaited them; the clocks, paintings, and curiosities from Europe excited the admiration of the courtiers and eunuchs who basked in the beams of the "Son of Heaven;" but on finding that the strangers did not possess the power of transmuting metals, which had been attributed to them, their ardour and friendship cooled to zero, and a presentation to the emperor became an impossibility. They avoided with care

every thing which might compromise their chance of readmission to the capital, and left Peking with sorrow, but not in despair. Frozen up at Lin-King, Father Ricci left his companion in the junk in charge of the baggage, while he made his own painful way onwards; and, after being nursed with affectionate care during a whole month's dangerous illness by his good friend the Doctor Kin-Tai-Sse at Sou-Tcheou, he not only re-entered Nankin, where he was joined by Father Cataneo, but there gained a great position and a fine palace for a mission-house. The Jesuits found European science—astronomy, geography, and mathematics—infininitely to the taste of the “celestial literati,” and their superior knowledge stood them in good stead: Euclid was flung at the head of Confucius; friendly disputations with the foreign doctors became all the rage; and the good monks rejoiced in their victories because they saw in them the germs of many happy conversions to the Christian faith.

A military mandarin was the first person baptised. He was christened Paul. Not long after his son received the like grace, and soon the whole family made a public profession of Christianity; the domestic pagoda became a chapel, and Father Ricci celebrated the holy Sacrifice on the very place where incense had been burnt to idols. Father Cataneo journeyed to Macao to tell the glad tidings, and to make collections for the wants of the mission. He returned with good store of alms, and quite a stock of European articles,—pictures, clocks, mirrors, and so forth. These were so admirably adapted for presents, that Father Ricci could no longer forbear a fresh attempt to reach Peking; and after escaping a trap laid for him by a scoundrel of a eunuch, who had hoped to possess himself of the treasures intended for the imperial delectation, he once more arrived in safety at the capital, with Father Didacus as companion. This was in the month of January 1601. The voluptuous potentate who held the celestial throne saw no one but women and their ignoble attendants. The presents went to court, and excited great admiration, the clocks especially having three eunuchs expressly appointed to attend upon them; but the monks were only corresponded with by the intervention of the eunuchs, who went backwards and forwards continually. The jealousy with which the excessive influence of these palace attendants was regarded by the principal magistrates exposed the missionaries to great danger; but a petition, drawn up by Father Ricci himself, obtained a gracious answer from the sovereign, authorising him to remain at Peking, and moreover decreeing a regular allowance to be made to him from the public treasury. The courage and per-

severance of the Jesuit Father and his companions were now crowned with the most brilliant success; for this signal favour soon spread abroad, and friends, great and small, flocked from all quarters to congratulate the strangers. "Prosperity has a wonderful effect in increasing the number of people's friends."

We have now followed Father Ricci step by step to the goal of his desires; and must pass over the deeply interesting narrative of the fluctuating fortunes of the Chinese missions under his guidance, and of the wonderful and intrepid journey of Father Goès by land from India to the heart of China, in order to stand for a moment beside the deathbed of this successor of the apostolic Francis. At Schang-Hai, Nankin, Nan-Tchang-Fou, Tchao-Tcheou, and Peking, in all disputes and difficulties with the mandarins, the missionaries had but to pronounce the name of Ly-Ma-Teou—Matthew Ricci—and the victory was gained. But his strength was exhausted, and on the 3d of May 1610 he kept his bed. His brethren thought he had only a sick headache; but he calmly replied that the illness was mortal. Weak and suffering, as soon as the Holy Eucharist was brought into the room, he threw himself from the bed on his knees to prepare for it, and piously communicated while the attendants were bathed in tears. The following day he blessed his four spiritual brothers, and instructed them as to the conduct of the mission. "Do you know," said one of them, "in what position you are leaving us?" "Yes," replied he; "I leave before you a door which may be opened to great merits, but not without much trouble and danger." On the 11th of May 1610, he resigned his soul quietly to God, aged fifty-eight years. Some days before his illness he had said, "My fathers, when I reflect upon the means by which I can best further the interests of Christianity among the Chinese, I can find nothing better or more efficacious than my death." So died Father Matthew Ricci. He was buried by an imperial edict, and with great honour and display.

His successor was Father Nicholas Lombard, who commenced his administration under the happiest auspices. The Chinese Christians counted in their ranks three of the most celebrated doctors in the corporation of the lettered,—Doctors Paul, Léon, and Michel,—who continued during their whole lives to manifest the most ardent zeal for the propagation of the faith, and the most boundless devotion to the missionaries. But bad times were again at hand. In 1615, a new assessor of the Li-Pou, or Supreme Court of Rites, initiated an attack against the Christians, which ended in a violent persecution; and all the exertions of Father Lombard and his

Chinese friends failed in obtaining a hearing at Peking, where the eunuchs so jealously guarded all avenues, that the emperor heard only the accusations, and not a word of defence. The imperial edict issued that the strangers should be remitted from all places where they might be to Canton, and thence to their own country, leaving the central kingdom in peace. This sentence was every where attempted to be executed; and was carried out in various degrees, but with the most rigour at Nankin, where the sufferings of the Fathers and their flocks were cruel in the extreme. Nevertheless good arose out of the evil; not only did the constancy, even to death, of the converts produce its accustomed fruit, but the very fact of the dispersion of the Christians brought them to places hitherto unknown to them; and when the tempest lulled, they found a fresh field for the exercise of their work.

It was not until the dynasty of Ming was threatened with a Tartar invasion that the clouds of persecution began to break away. To lead up to this event, M. Huc here devotes a chapter to the travels of Father d'Andrada in Thibet. These commenced in 1624. It is difficult, as it appears, to identify the names of places and persons mentioned in Father d'Andrada's narrative, which breaks off with the commencement of a missionary establishment; but M. Huc observes that the Tartar history of the period affords ground for believing that the success of this mission was at first considerable, and that early success caused its ruin by exciting the jealousy of the Lamas. The sovereign who protected it lost his life in consequence of a revolution caused by his attachment to Christianity.

We revert to China in 1622. The Chinese are wonderful proficient in the conduct of secret societies, and have at all times shown great skill in effecting revolutions, civil wars, and the tragical overthrow of dynasties. The vast association called the "Sect of the White Lily" was now preparing for an outbreak against the declining dynasty of Ming; and its chief being denounced, was seized by the authorities, tortured, and imprisoned, but remained silent under the hands of his tormentors, resolutely concealing the names of his accomplices, who thereupon determined to save him and themselves. Suddenly attacking the tribunal, they sacked it, killed many mandarins, and bore him off in triumph. This gave the old enemy of the Christians, the assessor Kio-Tchin, a fresh chance. He fulminated a manifesto against all secret societies, and coupled in his outpourings of indignation and horror the two sects of the White Lily and of the Lord of Heaven (the Christians), as identical in spirit and worthy of equal destruction.

Again the missionaries and their neophytes were forced to fly, or hide themselves in woods, caverns, and tombs. The three Christian doctors—Paul, Michel, and Léon—exerted themselves to the utmost in defence of their own faith, and of their spiritual fathers; but the wily assessor included them also in an act of accusation as the heads of a secret revolutionary society. Matters looked black enough, when, by an exercise of the royal will, Kio-Tchin found himself suddenly disgraced and overthrown. The tables were turned; and, to the joy of the missions, Dr. Paul was soon after raised to the dignity of prime minister; but Peking, the capital, remained sealed to the Fathers by the unreversed royal edict.

A new power, however, was now to appear on the scene. The Mantchoo Tartars were no longer divided into hostile tribes. The “Eight Banners” had united, in obedience to the strongest, to found a monarchy; they proceeded to choose a chief for king, whom the Chinese, by way of solving a political difficulty, seized and put to death. The son of the murdered man was recognised as their head by the warriors of the Eight Banners, and lost no time in carrying fire and sword to the very gates of Peking. He retired to his own country laden with spoils, and audaciously assuming the title of Emperor of China, with the addition of “Order of Heaven.” This insult was not to be endured by the Son of Heaven, who therefore sent an imperial army of 600,000 men to devour Manchouria. The Tartars proved too tough for the Chinese soldiery; in the first battle they were defeated with a loss of 50,000 men. Shortly after this, Wan-lie, the emperor, died. He was succeeded by Tai-Chan, who reigned only four months, and left the crown to Tien-Ki, his son. The troubles of the Chinese became the opportunity of the Christians in a singular manner. Dr. Léon astutely considered that the scientific and philosophical reputation of the Jesuit Fathers might now be turned to good account; and a memorial was prepared by the Chinese doctors urging their recall to Peking, on the ground of the services they could certainly render in advising as to the mode of fighting the Tartars, and especially in presiding over the casting of cannon, an art in which, it was added, they particularly excelled. The memorial was presented, and a gracious reply permitted the Fathers to re-establish themselves in the capital. Again settled at Peking, they did not begin to cast cannon with very great haste; but rejoicing to see once more their beloved neophytes, gave themselves up with fervour to their apostolic labours. The Tartar flood, however, had but ebbed to acquire sufficient force to sweep over the doomed country with an overwhelming torrent; and it was

not long before a fierce and bloody civil war invited the rush of the Mantchoo hordes. Amid the most frightful scenes of carnage, fire, and desolation, Providence so ordained that the admirable tact and judgment of the Jesuit Fathers brought the Christian missions safely through the fearful ordeal; and when the dynasty of Ming was quenched in blood, the Tartar prince who filled the throne learned not only to tolerate the religion of Christ, but to honour its apostles. "For the seventeen years of his reign," writes Father Schall, "he never ceased to bestow on me many marks of kindness and regard; at my request he did much for the welfare of his empire, and would doubtless have done much more, if a premature death had not thus carried off, at the age of twenty-four, this certainly intelligent and highly gifted young man."

The emperor had created Father Adam Schall a mandarin of the highest rank, Ta-Chan Sse of the grand tribunal, and head of the tribunal of mathematics, and always manifested for him all the signs of a sincere affection; but he himself stopped short at the threshold of the Church, and died a pagan. With the death of the Emperor Chun-Tché (in 1660, as we presume, though the precise date is not given) M. Huc concludes his history, leaving the Chinese missions in a state of great apparent prosperity.

Our object has been rather to give a general outline of the contents of the abbé's volumes than to extract telling incidents or anecdotes; but the reader must not fancy that the pen of the lively missionary has lost its point, or that his vein of witty and amusing sarcasm is by any means exhausted. The subject does not admit of the graphic and juicy style which carries us away when he narrates his own adventures, and he therefore treats it with all necessary gravity. At the same time there is abundance of interest and amusement to be found in his pages; and we hope to see them appear before long in so cheap a form as to insure a larger number of students of the history of Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet. No one can close these volumes without increased reverence for the children of Francis, of Dominic, and of Ignatius,—without an ardent desire that the lands they claim by virtue of their labours, their tears, their sufferings, and their blood, may yet bring forth a noble harvest.

CONVERTS AND OLD CATHOLICS.

Brownson's Quarterly Review, July 1857. Dolman.

THE discussion of any supposed differences of character and opinions existing, or supposed to exist, between converts to Catholicism and old Catholics, has always been distasteful to us. Believing that it is in no way desirable that such differences should exist in reality, we have thought that the less that was said on the subject, the better for the interests of religion and the comfort of all parties. Even when a recent well-known misrepresentation of our views appeared in an unexpected quarter, we studiously abstained from any thing more than a mere glance at the subject, such as was absolutely necessary in order to justify ourselves from the imputations of our assailant.

In connection, however, with this very incident, an article has appeared in the last Number of *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, written, as it distinctly implies, by Dr. Brownson himself, on which we feel it incumbent on ourselves to offer a few remarks. The article is entitled *Present Catholic Dangers*, and is a favourable specimen of the able writer's style; and it is moreover, unless we are strangely mistaken, strikingly expository of the history of Dr. Brownson's own mind. He is, indeed, to our judgment, one of the most subjective of living authors. There is scarcely a paper that he publishes that does not convey to us the idea that it is the result, not only of recent thought on the subject he treats, but that it bears a strong impression of the processes through which his "inner life," as the Germans call it, has been lately passing. This same thing may undoubtedly be said of almost all honest and vigorous writers; but it strikes us that it is true of Dr. Brownson's essays in a more than ordinary degree. And we note this peculiarity on the present occasion, not as implying that it is a fault in his works, but because it gives the key to certain statements of a somewhat mysterious kind, and which might be thought somewhat gratuitous were they not taken in connection with their author himself.

Nothing can be more friendly to us, and more honourable to Dr. Brownson himself, than the general tone of the article before us; and, in fact, it is partly because of its freedom from that acerbity, which Dr. Brownson will allow us to say has at times deteriorated from the attractiveness of his

writings, that we are induced to place our remarks upon it on record. We feel that we are not answering an opponent; but rather stating our convictions and the result of our observation, in reply to his, as one would do in the course of an ordinary private conversation with a friend in one's own house. Supposing also that our estimate of facts is correct, Dr. Brownson will be the first to perceive the importance of stating it, in opposition to the views which he himself has been led to adopt. The subject is of such great practical importance, and a misconception of facts must so seriously injure the harmonious action of English as well as American Catholics, that we are compelled to break through our ordinary rule, and express without reserve the results of our own observation.*

Early in the article we find the following remarks on the necessary inferiority of converts to old Catholics in Catholic things. We quote them at length:

"We converts were indeed born and brought up in heresy and schism; but through the grace of God we have abjured heresy and schism, and followed our convictions into the Church, who has received us to her bosom as a true mother, and deigned to own us as her children. We see not wherein our merit is less than that of those who have had only to persevere in the way they were trained to go, or what greater right they have to boast over us than we have to boast over them. Neither of us, indeed, have any right to boast; for in both cases the glory is due solely to Him who became man, and died on the cross that He might redeem us, purify us, and elevate us to union with God. We do not believe that it ever occurs to converts to place themselves in their own estimation above old Catholics. We look upon ourselves rather as the prodigal who has returned to his father's house, and has been unexpectedly and undeservedly received as a son. We are aware of the superiority of those who have welcomed us among them, and readily acknowledge it in all that which can come only from long training and familiar habit. They are, as it were, native-born citizens, we are only aliens recently naturalised; and we are far more likely to feel our inferiority than to claim superiority in Catholic things to those who are to 'the manner born.'"

It is but natural that converts should be inferior in that nice Catholic tact, and that quick and instinctive appreciation of Catholic things, which belong to those who have been reared in the Church; but perhaps they have, after all, some compensating advantages. They have a more intimate knowledge of the inner life of non-Catholics, and in general are better able to appreciate the obstacles

* It may be as well to state that, so far as time is concerned, the personal experience of the present writer corresponds exactly with that of Dr. Brownson. In both cases the views announced have been formed after more than twelve years' observation of the facts of Catholic life.

which they find in the way of accepting the Church and submitting to her authority. Coming to Catholicity free from all the old secular traditions, habits, and associations of Catholics, they can more easily discriminate between what is of religion, and what pertains only to the social life, nationality, or secular habits, customs, and usages of Catholics. In the concrete life of Catholics, in all ages and nations, there is much inherited from their ancestors, which, if not anti-Catholic, yet is no part of Catholicity, but which they do not always distinguish from their religion itself, and sometimes half confound with it. The Catholics of Great Britain and the United States are hardly more widely separated from their non-Catholic countrymen by their faith and worship, than they are by their associations, habits, customs, affections, and modes of thought and action, which are no necessary part of their religion, and are only accidentally connected with it. The convert, trained in a different world, is not wedded to these forms of secular life, and is able to distinguish them without effort from Catholicity. He can embrace Catholicity, so far as regards these, with less admixture of foreign elements, and attach himself more easily to it in its essential and universal character, free from the local habits, manners, and usages of an old Catholic population. This is some compensation, and places converts more nearly on a level with old Catholics than is sometimes supposed, though it no doubt leaves them still far inferior."

We cannot help saying, that we find here a certain amount of excessive humility which will not find favour with those whom it is the writer's desire to conciliate. To speak of the Church as "*deigning* to own as her children" those who seek admittance into her fold by the door appointed by Jesus Christ for the special purpose, is surely a somewhat singular expression. There is no *deigning* in the question. The Church simply does her duty in receiving the adult convert, just as she does in baptising the unconscious infant. She is not in possession of graces which she can withhold or confer by her own choice. She herself consists of nothing but souls, all alike taken out of the world, some in infancy, some in mature age. A great responsibility attaches to her priesthood in the decision whether any given individual personally fulfils the conditions required by the Divine Head of the Church; but when it is believed to be a fact that such individual does fulfil them, not all Christendom together in the sight of God has a right to withhold the Sacraments which the postulant seeks. No language can exaggerate the greatness of the gift, nor the absolute nothingness of him who seeks it. But the admission into the Church is a question of the fulfilment of definite conditions, in which the Church, by her representative minister, has simply to act as intermediary between Almighty God and the penitent soul. To draw a

distinction between old Catholics and converts, on the ground that the Church *deigns* to acknowledge the latter as her children in any different sense from the way in which she deigns to acknowledge those who were baptised in their infancy, is to draw a distinction where there is no difference.

Then, again, as to this "Catholic tact" and "Catholic instinct" which Dr. Brownson alludes to, and supposes to be the especial privilege of old Catholics, what is it? If it means simply a true loyalty to the Church, or even a quick and ready perception of what things will tend to the advancement of religion, and what things are mere heresy, or imprudence, or worldliness in disguise,—we do not believe that, in fact, there is the slightest difference between converts, as such, and old Catholics as such. If there are some converts who may be fairly set down as deficient in these respects, are there not swarms of old Catholics who are equally deficient? Is it not notorious, that in the frequent instances which have occurred in this country and abroad, in recent and earlier times, when well-meaning and religious Catholics have clearly made mistakes through a deficiency of what is termed "Catholic instinct," converts have had little or no share whatsoever?

But if "Catholic instinct" means the adoption of one in particular of the various lines of policy which have to be employed in the relations of the Church and the world, and in relation to such controversies as Gallicanism and Ultramontaniam, then it is the old story over again. Every body says that his own instinct is the Catholic instinct. Would not Bossuet have called Gallicanism the true Catholic instinct? Would not F. Theiner hold that an appreciation of the faults of Jesuitism was a proof of Catholic instinct? Would not Cretineau-Joly assert exactly the same of the very opposite opinion? Or here at home, no doubt our excellent friend Mr. Formby considers that it is a sign of a Catholic instinct to have nothing to do with Government building-grants for schools; we, on the contrary, are of a different opinion. There in Ireland, too, many people think Dr. M'Hale's policy about political education and the political action of the clergy a proof of his Grace's acute Catholic instinct. But what say the prelates and others who so strenuously dissent from the Archbishop of Tuam? Will they admit for a moment that it is a deficiency of "Catholic instinct" which causes them to adopt the policy which they have preferred?

Or,—to turn to the one other cause which might be alleged as making the convert "far inferior" to the old Catholic in purely religious things, namely, his education in religious

error,—what, after all, is the practical state of the case? Is it true that converts as a class (of course we are not speaking of the very ignorant poor) pray, for instance, or meditate, with less fervour and spiritual enlightenment than those brought up in the Church; that they make worse confessions; that they are less anxious to avail themselves of spiritual advantages, such as the frequent hearing of Mass, frequent confession and Communion; that their lives are less pure and edifying; that they are slow, when circumstances admit, to enter the priesthood or the religious life; that they are niggardly with their money, and unwilling to labour for the poor? They may now and then state their opinions with inconvenient importunity; but are they singular in that respect? And of all the number of instances in which ecclesiastical superiors, whether Bishops or others, have found what are called “troublesome cases” to deal with, how many of these are the results of converts’ follies, or unwillingness to do their duty in a true Christian spirit?

The fact is, as we believe, that this supposed distinction between the classes is an imaginary one, and that it is much more an invention of converts’ own fancies than of any remarks of old Catholics themselves. No doubt there are weak-minded, jealous, and touchy people among old Catholics, as there are in every class, who, when a convert does what they do not approve, set it all down to his ignorance, inexperience, and semi-Protestantism. But to suppose that any such feeling pervades the general old Catholic body, would be a most injurious calumny. *They* see none of this wonderful difference between themselves and their newly-found brethren; nor, we are convinced, are they at all gratified when converts go out of their way to express what they must consider as exaggerated expressions of humility.

Nor is it at all contrary to *à priori* probabilities that the new and the old Catholics should practically stand on precisely the same spiritual level. On the one side there is the grand blessing of an education in orthodoxy, and the possession of the Sacraments, with all the advantages resulting from early impressions and long habits and associations; but, on the other side, there is the extraordinary impulse given to the spiritual life by the act of conversion, with its struggles, its prayers, its sacrifices, and its study of theological doctrine. The one forms a striking counterbalance to the other, and the practical result in the ultimate lives of the classes is that there is no appreciable difference between the two. We speak, of course, of those old Catholics who have lived religiously from their childhood; for of those who have lived otherwise the

truth is, that they have inflicted on themselves more serious evils than those which attach to the early irreligious life of converts, not to mention those who have always acted up to their knowledge.

Dr. Brownson next proceeds to the distinction between the two classes in matters of opinion not strictly religious. We give his statements nearly at length, both because it is difficult to abridge them, and because, being put forward with his usual force and precision, they are well worth reading, even by those who dissent from them.

“The convert, on being admitted into the Church, and beginning to associate with his Catholic brethren, does not always find them in all respects what he in his fervour and inexperience had expected. He finds the Church altogether more than he promised himself, or had conceived it possible for her to be; but he finds also that, though in all which is strictly of religion his sympathy with his Catholic brethren is full and entire, in other matters it is far from being perfect,—through his fault it may be as well as through theirs. He finds that they are wedded to many things to which he is a stranger, and must remain a stranger; that in all save religion he and they belong to different worlds, and have different habits, associations, and sympathies. Outside of religion, he belongs to the modern world, speaks its language, thinks and reasons as a man of the nineteenth century; while they appear to live in what is to him a past age, have recollections, traditions, associations, which, though dear to them, have, and can have, no hold on him. If he allows himself to dwell on these, he is apt to form an undue estimate of the real sentiment and worth of the body into which he has been admitted. There is, with equal faith and piety on both sides, in matters not of religion a real divergence between them, which not unfrequently leads to much misunderstanding and distrust on both sides. Each is more or less tenacious of his own world; each clings to his old habits, associations, traditions. The old Catholic feels that there is a difference, though he may not be able in all cases to explain its cause or its exact nature, and is disposed to think that something is lacking in the convert's faith or piety. To satisfy him, the convert must sympathise with him in what he has that is not of Catholicity, as well as in what is, fall back with him into that old world inherited from his Catholic ancestors, and thus become separated in all things in which he is separated from the actual world of to-day. He naturally wishes the convert to embrace not only the Catholic religion, but all the traditions of Catholics, and defend the civilisation of Catholic ages and nations, and the conduct of Catholics in relation to religion and secular politics, with as much zeal and resoluteness as he defends Catholicity itself, although, in point of fact, to do so would require him to defend much that the Church has never approved, and much that she has never ceased to struggle against. The convert, if a full-grown man, can-

not do this. He cheerfully takes the old faith, submits unreservedly to the old Church; but in what is not repugnant to faith or morals he sees not why he should change, or cease to be a man of his own times or his own country. He is, unless of a very philosophic turn of mind, even offended by the old Catholic's unnecessary and, in his view, unreasonable attachment to the past,—which was no better than the present, if, indeed, so good,—to old methods, to old usages, no longer in harmony with the living thought of the age or country; and feels a vocation to emancipate his Catholic brethren from a bondage the Church does not impose, and which seems to him to crush out their manhood, and deprive them of all ability to serve effectively their Church in the presence of non-Catholics.

Certainly there is here much misapprehension and exaggeration on both sides, and neither side is strictly just to the other. All old Catholics do not cling to the past—many of them are fully up with the times, and are men of their own age and nation; and converts are not always deficient in sympathy with mediævalism; indeed, some of them are too much attached to it, and far more than old Catholics hold that what is mediæval is Catholic, and what is not mediæval is not Catholic. Still the principle that underlies the convert's thought is sound. It is the principle on which the Church herself always acts in dealing with the world. Herself unalterable and immovable, she takes the world as she finds it, and deals with it as it is. She found the world in the beginning imperial; she accepted imperialism, and laboured to Christianise it. At a later epoch she found the world barbarian; and she took the barbarians as they were, and Christianised and civilised them. At a still later period she found it feudal. She never introduced or approved feudalism itself, yet she conformed her secular relations to it, and addressed feudal society in language it could understand and profit by. In the same way she deals with our proud, self-reliant, republican Anglo-Saxon world. She concedes it frankly in the outset whatever it is or has that is not repugnant to the essential nature and prerogatives of our religion, and labours to aid its progress. She leaves it its own habits, manners, customs, institutions, laws, associations, in so far as they do not repugn eternal truth and justice, speaks to it in its own tongue, to its own understanding, in such forms of speech and such modes of address as are best fitted to convince its reason and win its love, and that too without casting a single longing lingering look to the past she leaves behind.

But all Catholics are not up to the level of the Church; and not a few of them never study her history, investigate the principles on which she acts, or catch even a glimpse of her sublime wisdom or her celestial prudence. Many of them are merely men of routine, creatures of the traditions and associations inherited from their ancestors, and which they seldom even dream of distinguishing from their religion itself. These cannot sympathise with the convert

who comes among them bringing with him the active and fearless, not to say reckless, spirit of the nineteenth century. He is a phenomenon they do not fully understand, and they find him both strange and offensive. He breaks their rest, rouses them from their sleep, disturbs their fondly-cherished prejudices, even forces them to think, to reason, to seek to know something of the world passing around them, to take broader and more comprehensive views of men and things; in a word, to come out from the cloister, and be active, living, energetic men in their own day and generation; and they not unreasonably look upon him as a rash innovator, a restless spirit, a disturber of the peace and repose of the Church, because the things he wars against are regarded by those who cherish them, not as hindrances, but as helps to religion. Indeed, they are at a loss to conceive what it is he wants or is driving at, and they suspect that he is really seeking to Protestantise, secularise, or at least modernise, the Church; and they conclude that they may justly resist him, and inculcate doubts as to the reality of his conversion, or at least as to his perseverance in the faith. This is natural, and is to be expected by every one, convert or no convert, who attempts to effect a reform in any department of human activity."

To analyse these paragraphs sentence by sentence, and say exactly where we agree with the writer and where we disagree, is obviously impossible, and, were it possible, would be extremely tedious. We must therefore content ourselves with the general expression of our belief that, so far as English Catholicism is concerned, the distinction here supposed by the writer is without foundation in fact. Every man of course must speak from his own observations; and possibly other persons might coincide with Dr. Brownson's views. But for our own part, we have no hesitation in avowing our conviction that the body of English old Catholics is not a step behind the body of educated converts in the particulars which are here specified. If there is a distinction to be drawn, it would be rather in favour of the elder body; for, as is natural, many converts, having passed through the tremendous struggle of conversion, have their minds so exclusively occupied with the purely religious aspect of the question, that they cannot feel much interest in subjects not directly bearing on the conversion or edification of souls. Moreover,—and this is a point to which we have long wished to call the attention of our readers, as being one which is scarcely sufficiently borne in mind either by converts or elder Catholics,—the process of conversion in the case of people of education and social position necessarily involves a certain shock and strain upon the mind which often requires years of rest entirely to remedy. The uprooting of old associations, the

rending of deep and tender ties, the fresh start in life, the difficulty of looking upon the persons and the things they have left without either anguish, irritation, or bitterness, and the reaction which must follow upon the violent stress upon the intellect and the nervous system which often accompanies conversion,—all these things frequently combine to prevent a convert from seeing things in general in the same light of clear reason which he would otherwise be among the first to value. Hence it sometimes happens that converts fling themselves headlong into a sort of determined enthusiasm for every thing that can be possibly imagined Catholic; denouncing historical criticism as semi-Protestant unbelief; falling into raptures with whatever proceeds from a “Catholic country;” losing all interest in secular affairs, and preferring a foreign Catholic despotism to that English constitutionalism under which the Church really prospers more freely than under the “paternal care” of any foreign sovereign whatsoever; and imagining that the true test of Catholic feeling is to hate every thing not Catholic, and to vilify every act of their own past lives to the utmost extreme of depreciation. Hence also the unsettled way of life of some converts, who were not remarkable for inconstancy of taste or purpose before their conversion. In this there is no fault to be imputed to them. They cannot help it. Their want of settled inclinations is the physiological effect of the tension of nerves which has accompanied their conversion. Nothing but time can effect a cure; and possibly even to the end of life they will not be able to regain the full amount of practical energy and intelligent interest in the affairs of their time which characterised them in former days.

Setting aside, however, these particular cases, we believe that the English Catholic body are not at all obnoxious to the defects which Dr. Brownson imputes to them, as contrasted with converts. Unquestionably they have all the usual varieties of character and opinion which belong to humanity in general, and which are to be noted among converts from Protestantism among the rest. There are timid people every where, and jealous people, and narrow-minded people, and tyrannical people, and old fogies, and old women, and haughty aristocrats, and selfish *parvenus*, and people who are always lamenting that they were not born in some good old times or other. But certainly, so far as a pretty large experience on our part goes, it is totally incorrect to imagine that these unfavourable specimens of our race are not to be found among converts as frequently, in proportion to their numbers, as in the elder branch of Catholics. We believe that the

general *mind* of the older Catholics is eagerly alive to the very points to which Dr. Brownson calls attention; that it is as free from blinding prejudice with respect to modern society, modern politics, and modern thought, as one can ever expect any numerous class of persons to be. It is from old Catholics, even more than from converts, that the warmest sympathy and gratitude is elicited towards those who courageously and honestly—with whatever shortcomings—attempt solutions of the grand problems of the day. And as time goes on, and we English Catholics begin gradually to take our rightful places in our own country, we expect to see our elder brothers quite as ready and anxious to emerge from their seclusion, and to take their share in the work of their generation, as those who were educated in Protestantism.

The misapprehension of their views into which Dr. Brownson has fallen arises, we take it, from one particular disadvantage which has resulted from past persecution, and which elder Catholics are loud in lamenting. The great difference between converts and themselves is, that the former have acquired habits of expressing their opinions before the public in a way to command attention and exert an influence which could not be looked for in men who have been forcibly thrust out of English social, political, and university life. We converts, on the contrary, have been busy at the work ever since our childhood. We are accustomed to conflict, to criticism, to opposition, to writing, to public debating, and to the influence of that vast public opinion which acts like an atmosphere upon the English character, and gives it much of that self-reliant and self-controlling energy which is one of its chief sources of power.

Hence it is that so many spheres of action of the more prominent kind have naturally fallen to a large extent into the hands of converts. Hence it is that the most distinct and enduring impressions upon the Catholic mind are often made by converts. Witness, for instance, the influence exercised by the late Mr. Pugin and Mr. Lucas in their different lines; or in another line, the mark made upon the age by Father Faber, and others we could name. In all these instances, it is not that the opinions of the converts are ahead of the elder Catholics, but that their early familiarity with English life has conferred on them a power of speech and action which makes them influential in their generation. They find abundant sympathisers, admirers, and enthusiastic disciples in the older Catholic body, who are only too happy to see their own latent, or even half-formed, views put into shape, energetically announced, and practically carried into action.

As to any characteristic backwardness in expressing their opinions with freedom, all we can say is, that if this is the case with the elder American Catholics, they are singularly unlike their brethren in this part of the world. We do not believe there is a more free-spoken set of men in the whole kingdom; and it requires no very large experience of their ways to learn that they very much prefer free and plain speaking to the reverse. The English Catholic body is not to be judged of by Catholic newspapers and periodicals. These usually go upon the system of an exaggerated expression of feeling and opinion on some few subjects and with respect to some few persons, while they maintain a studious reticence on many things which are necessary to a fair representation of the real state of Catholic opinion. The true motives of human action seldom get into the newspapers; and especially is this the case with our English Catholic affairs. And consequently they who judge of men and events solely by what they read in public, are easily led to form singularly partial, and therefore erroneous views. To name a single illustration: We—that is, the *Rambler*—have been occasionally found fault with in public—and of course what is made public indicates the private opinion of at least one real person—for stepping out of our province and criticising where we have no right to interfere. We assure any readers who are likely to take these strictures as representing Catholic opinion of the most authoritative kind, that in the cases referred to we have generally been actually prompted to the course we have adopted by the very authorities on whose exclusive rights we have been supposed to entrench. The freedom of remark which we have adopted in our journal as a matter of principle,—we do not of course pretend to have avoided all faults in carrying it out,—has found its chief opponents among converts, and its warmest supporters among old Catholics. And though now and then, as is natural, some person who finds his own views the subject of remark considers that we are going too far, the general body of Catholics, both clerical and lay, has too much good sense to be permanently offended, if offended at all, because now and then something or other is written which they may not approve of, or for which there may be motives which do not appear on the surface. We have now had nearly ten years' experience of the English Catholic body as readers of our Review; and we have found that if there is one thing more than another for which they have no toleration in a writer, it is dullness and feebleness. For the sake of a good general result, for the sake of honesty, discriminating criticism, courage, and information,

they will readily pardon the defects which are incidental to every thing human.

In connection with this subject, we cannot help extracting a rather long passage from Dr. Brownson, which gives an impression of American Catholicism very different from that which we entertain of English Catholicism, and which will probably be as new to most people as it was to ourselves.

“Closely connected with this subject is another defect of Catholics in this country, less easy to explain and excuse than those we have referred to. The *Rambler* seems to think that a portion of the Catholics in the United Kingdom are less disposed to tolerate free thought and free speech in open questions than they are in the United States, at least this is the construction that the *Dublin Review* puts upon its language; but we are inclined to think the reverse is the fact. In matters of faith or orthodoxy, the Catholics in this country are by no means too rigid or too exacting, and saving certain Jansenistic tendencies now and then encountered, we are far enough from being too intolerant; we are liberal enough towards heresy, and none too strenuous in our maintenance of the form of sound words; but in the sphere of opinion,—within the sphere where we are all free to hold the opinion we prefer, and to follow our own private judgment,—we seem hardly to understand what toleration means; we practise very little of that mutual forbearance, that wise liberality, and that mutual respect and good-will, which our religion enjoins. Let an honest, upright, sincere Catholic, whose piety and whose orthodoxy are above suspicion, defend in open questions an allowable opinion not in accordance with the opinion of a portion of his brethren, and they open upon him with a hundred mouths, denounce him, misrepresent his opinion or his arguments, appeal to popular prejudice against him, and do their best to ruin him in the estimation of the Catholic public. We suffer ourselves now and then in this respect to run even to shameful lengths; we need specify no instances, for several will readily occur to our readers. Many of us seem not to be aware that we are bound to respect in others that freedom of thought and utterance which we claim for ourselves, or that freedom of opinion is as sacred in them as it is in us. There is nothing more uncatholic than to tyrannise over others in matters of opinion. So long as a man saves orthodoxy, says nothing to weaken dogma, or against morals and discipline,—so long as he is within the limits of free discussion allowed by authority, and manifests no heretical spirit or inclination,—his honest opinions, honestly uttered as opinions, not as dogmas, are free, and no man has the right to censure him for them, let them be what they may, to denounce them, to seek to render them odious, or to bring popular opinion in any respect to bear against them. They may be controverted, disproved, shown to be unsound, or even dangerous, if they can be, but only by fair discussion on their merits, and by legitimate argument.

Unhappily this rule is far from being always observed. Judging from what we have seen and experienced since we became a Catholic, this rule is reserved only for special occasions, and in the discussion of matters in which we take no interest. If we have to deal with a strong man, who is to be presumed to understand himself, and to have some skill in fence, not a few of us make it a rule never to discuss the real question, or never to discuss it on its merits. We make up a collateral issue, evade the real point in question, give our readers a false and mutilated view of the opinion advanced, detach a few sentences from their context, and give them a sense wholly unintended and wholly unwarranted; attack a conclusion without hinting at the principle from which it is obtained, and then proceed to refute the opinion we do not like, and which we have shaped in our own way, by arguments addressed not to the reason, but to the ignorance, the prejudice, or the passion of our readers. It would seem that the study is, through the unfair mode of treating the opinion, to damage in the estimation of the public we address the author, and then, through the author, the opinion. We hardly recollect in the nearly thirteen years of our Catholic life an instance in which an able and intelligent Catholic writer has been met by his Catholic opponents with fairness and candour, or his opinion discussed on its merits with courtesy or common civility. Our domestic controversies speak but ill for our civilisation, our liberality, and our conscientiousness. Our so-called Catholic press, in regard to our disputes among ourselves, where differences are allowable, stands far below that of any other country, and indicates a lower moral tone and an inferior intellectual culture. For the honour of American Catholic journalism, and, we must add, for the honour of American converts, several of whom are editors, and those who display the most intolerance, and the least fairness and candour, towards their opponents,—we must labour to elevate the character of our journals, demand of them a higher and a more dignified tone, and insist that their conductors devote more time and thought to their preparation, take larger and more comprehensive views of men and things, exhibit more mental cultivation, more liberality of thought and feeling, and give some evidence of the ability of Catholics to lead and advance the civilisation of the country. We want the men who conduct our Catholic press to be living men, highly cultivated men, up to the highest level of their age,—men who are filled with the spirit of our holy religion, and will take their rule from the morality, gentleness, courtesy, and chivalry of the Gospel, not from their petty passions, envyings, and jealousies, or from a low and corrupt secular press, that disregards principle, mocks at conscience, seeks only success, and counts success lawful by whatever means obtained.

Our readers will not misunderstand us. We are advocating no tame, weak, or sickly style of Catholic journalism. We ourselves like plain dealing, if honest; and severity even, if it is the severity of reason, not the severity of passion. We respect an honest, downright, earnest style, which tells clearly, energetically, its author's

meaning without circumlocution or reticence. We have writers who in their language observe sufficiently the outward forms of politeness, and, as far as mere words go, are not discourteous, but who yet are highly reprehensible for their intellectual unfairness, for their want of candour and strict honesty in reproducing the doctrine, the real thought, and the arguments of their opponents, and replying to them as they stand in the mind of the author. No smoothness of language, no polish of style, can atone for substantial unfairness of representation or mutilation of an opponent's meaning or argument. The mere manner is a small matter; the substance is the thing to be considered. The American people do not need to be addressed in baby tones; they are not, taken in mass, a refined people, but they are an earnest people, and like plain dealing, and demand of those who would gain their hearts or their ears sincerity, truthfulness, honesty, and courage. They cannot endure persiflage, or what they regard as unfairness, evasion, or cowardice on the part of a Catholic writer. Be manly, be true, be brave, be open, be just, and then be as strong, as cogent in your reasoning as you can. We complain of nothing of that sort; but we do complain of the uncandid, unfair, and intolerant manner in which the views and arguments, and even persons, of respectable and highly-deserving Catholics are treated by those of their own brethren who are placed in a position to have more or less influence on the public opinion of the Catholic community."

Now what may be the case on the other side of the Atlantic, we are in no position to say; but we cannot help thinking that Dr. Brownson here very much overrates the importance and universality of a few hostile opinions. It strikes us that he mistakes a part for the whole; and that if for the hundred mouths whose shoutings fill his ears he were to read ten or five, he would be nearer the mark. It is always the dissatisfied few who make themselves heard the most distinctly; the satisfied, or at least the very placable majority sit still and hold their tongues. There is nothing more deceptive than the "every body says" of the indignant opponent. It is surprising how often "every body" means exactly two people, or at the most three; and how marvellously we all mistake the thundering tones of one single voice for the united murmurs of a whole army of censors. We dare say some American Catholics are bad enough in the way of intolerance of free thought within lawful limits; but then so are some Catholics here, and so are many in the whole world. Intolerance reigns, or tries to reign, every where. This shouting down an opponent is an old game, and it will be played till the end of the world. There is nothing like calling names for seductive easiness to those who cannot argue, or whom you have made cross. And so we cannot

help fancying that Dr. Brownson attributes more weight than they deserve to sundry manifestations of unfair censure, of which he or others may have been made the subject. If you don't want to be abused by your own side, and very shamefully too sometimes, your only way is studiously to adapt your words to the varying impulses of the hour, making yourself a servile party organ; or to treat your readers to weekly, monthly, or quarterly dishes of the thinnest milk-and-water. In the last case you will escape praise quite as surely as you will escape blame; in the first, you will be disgusted with yourself, and find the applause of a mob a poor compensation for your self-condemnation. We must, however, now part company from Dr. Brownson and his interesting paper; adding only, that the concluding article in the same number of his Review contains strictures on the present French Emperor's policy which in some respects coincide with those which appeared in the *Rambler* a month ago.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Preparation for Death: Meditations by St. Alphonsus. Newly translated, and edited by F. Coffin, C.S.S.R. (London, Burns and Lambert.) This instalment of the promised English translation of St. Alphonsus' works contains, besides a sensible preface by Father Coffin, the Method of Mental Prayer extracted from the *Homo Apostolicus*, and the *Preparation for Death*, which the saint wrote for a double purpose,—to serve both as a manual for private meditations, and as a guide to the missionary and preacher for sermons and retreats. It is not for us even to commend a work of this kind, approved as it is by the Church, and endeared to the hearts of all the faithful who have tried its use. The present edition of it is well translated, and convenient in form and size.

Church Parties: the Evangelicals, the Tractarian Movement, the Broad Church. Reprinted from the *Union Newspaper*. (London, Painter.) The author says he has been assailed with two mutually destructive charges: first, of a bitter hatred to "evangelical truth;" and next, of a wish "to merge all differences of belief" in earnest work. We do not see how the charges destroy one another. If we hated a doctrine, surely we should try to *merge* it; or, in other words, to drown it in any liquid that would cover it, and that we could afford to throw away. To drown Evangelicalism in hard work would, we think, be a most wholesome enterprise. But we are afraid that the author is willing to go farther, and to admit Evangelicalism to a permanent position in his Church. Only read his conclusion: "Parties, evil as they are in themselves, have been, under Providence, one great means of the restored life of the Church. We have recognised their existence and their *office* be-

cause *we long for the time when they will be needed*, at least in their present shape, *no more*, because *their work has been accomplished*, and *the consciousness of the Church's mind* can utter itself without any medium of party organisation." What an idea of a Church is that which needs at one time one form of falsehood, at another another, as the medium whereby to utter the consciousness of her mind! Here is another view of the great Anglican idol; she is, it appears, the truth speaking through contradictory falsehoods. For the falsehoods and contradictions, we readily acknowledge them; we have seen and heard them. For the truth, we respectfully decline to doubt if there is any till it is proved by the usual notes.

We have great respect for all persons connected with the *Union*; but God forbid that we should ever say a word which could tend to make them suppose that they are clear either of heresy or of schism, or that their "Church" has any office whatever, temporary or other, in the revealed system of God's government, seeing that it is only a spurious imitation of a Church, a rebel corporation, permitted in God's providence to lead and to hold souls away from the truth to which the operation of grace was perhaps conducting them. The sketches of parties in this little book are racy and amusing; the latter quality is enhanced by a consideration of the position the individual describing them holds, or held, in regard to them.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

De la Vocation; ou, Moyen d'atteindre sa Fin dans le Mariage et dans la Vie parfaite. Par Mgr. Luquet, Evêque d'Hesebon. (Paris, Julien; London, Burns.) "This humble work," as the venerable bishop calls it, is on a very serious subject,—what is man's destiny in his passing career on this earth, where he is at once the ruling and royal intelligence and the vilest of beings? Philosophy has attacked this capital question, and has left it unsolved, but points to God as the only one capable of giving an answer. Religion gives us God's answer in the Scriptures, and by the mouth of the doctors and pontiffs of the Church.

The present work, in which Mgr. Luquet undertakes, with the double authority of character and talent, to treat this great problem, is divided into four principal parts, viz. 1. Man's destiny in general as an intelligent and immortal being; 2. The common vocation to which he is ordinarily called; 3. The vocation to the perfect life reserved to a chosen few; 4. The examination of individual vocation: which last is the practical part.

1. Man has been chosen by God among all other creatures to serve as an intermediary between them and Him. Sublime mission! of which, it is true, the sin of our first parents has deprived him, but to the fullness of which the adorable Blood shed on Calvary has restored him. In this exceptional position, in which he enjoys the reflex feeling of his own being, man aspires invincibly, and with all his energies, to happiness. This happiness, he well knows, is to be found in its plenitude in God alone; but how attain it? by what way tend to this supernatural position? What bonds will hinder him from spreading out the wings of his soul, and taking his flight to the heavenly hills? This is what Bishop Luquet examines and treats with a constantly sustained elevation of thought, and with a great profusion of authorities.

2. After having shown by facts joined to the authority of doctrine what part the servants of God may be called on to play in the social movement of the age, the venerable author treats of the duties, the difficulties, and the consolations presented by the vocation marked out by the Almighty for the majority of mankind. He shows that the happiness enjoyed here below is proportionate to the privations imposed on oneself for God's sake. Marriage, the family,—the most common condition of existence,—impose serious and difficult duties; here, as elsewhere, sacrifice is a daily necessity, only we should strive to render it profitable by making it a virtue. The Bishop of Hesebon enriches his beautiful reflections and counsels with most touching examples, calculated to leave on all hearts a deep and lasting impression.

3. The part which treats of the perfect life shows us the religious state under its full aspect of separation in society, in the family, and in the individual. This doctrine is of a grandeur and force that will not fail to strike every serious and upright mind. *In society*, it is the most complete and sublime continuation of the work of our Saviour; an eminent participation in the Divine mysteries of the Passion and the Resurrection—a perpetual sacrifice of praise, impetration, and propitiation. *In the family*, it is ever the work of reparation by some for the benefit of all. What even the fervent man of the world cannot do religion accomplishes for him, and in his name; it is the most sublime communication between creatures and the Creator. *In the individual*, it is liberty, plenty, and joy, restored by the three vows of obedience, poverty, and chastity, in opposition to the triple principle of concupiscence. This naturally is the place to speak of the clergy. It is a vast, a Divine subject.

4. But of these two different vocations, presenting themselves to the Christian at the threshold of life, which must he choose? Which has been marked out for him by Providence? To which of these two camps is he summoned by the sovereign voice of Him who has made of our transitory stay here below *a warfare and a combat*? In a word, how is he to know his vocation? Such is the practical object of the fourth part. It is in this that the work will be useful to all without distinction; it is in this that it commends itself to the simple faithful, as well as to the priest, to the religious, to young people, to directors of souls, and to parents who wish to assure their children's future, and who sometimes thwart the designs of Heaven upon them. Lessons like these are not useless at a time when all ideas are confounded, and when the glitter of gold, placed between the soul's eye and God, allures by its deceptive glare a multitude of reasonable beings created for something more magnificent and more stable. This, then, is a very remarkable work, and we think it cannot fail to create a sensation in France.